

THE BLOODY WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL—CAN THE BOERS WIN?—SEE PAGES 385 AND 388.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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SAD NEWS FROM THE FAR-OFF PHILIPPINES.

"THE LIST OF THE KILLED AND WOUNDED" BRINGS DESOLATION TO A SOLDIER'S HOUSEHOLD.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.
NOW AT MANILA, SYDNEY ADAMSON.

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For Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received.

Special Notice.—Every photograph should be carefully and fully titled on the back, not only with a description of the picture, but also with the full name and address of the contestant, plainly written. Address "Amateur Photographic Contest, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York." Competitors, whether they fail or not, are entitled to try again as often as they please. No entry blanks required.

Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

Blazing the Path of Peace.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S administration has had no stronger words of justification, we will not say of defense, than were found in the very noteworthy speech of the Hon. Elihu Root, his new Secretary of War, delivered recently at the Marquette Club dinner at Chicago. He made complete answer to the anti-expansionists. He emphasized facts that had in part been told heretofore, but which the anti-expansionists had either refused to hear or failed to remember. These facts cannot be repeated too often or be remembered too long.

Secretary Root says the problem which confronted us in the Philippines was how to hold back the uncounted hordes who surrounded Manila, how to keep in subjection the 200,000 Filipinos in the city who had been ordered to rise and massacre every European, while we were waiting during the rainy season until a new army could be raised and sent a third of the way around the world to take the place of the returning volunteers. Seventeen thousand of the latter have been brought back, and a new army of 27,000 has taken their places. Seventeen thousand more are on the way, 17,000 in camp ready to start, and by the end of November, Secretary Root adds, 65,000 American soldiers, the best youth of America, will be ready for duty in the Philippines.

The Secretary called attention again to the fact that we are not fighting the Filipino nation, because there is none; that there are hundreds of islands in the Philippines, inhabited by over sixty tribes, speaking more than six languages, and every tribe but one ready to accept American sovereignty. Admiral Dewey, General Greene, and President Schurman say the Filipinos are not fit for self-government, and the insurgents themselves only demand the right of self-government under the protection of the United States: the right to make war, but only with our help. The vast majority, including the men of property and intelligence of the Filipinos, are anxious for peace, and the secretary declared that "we are fighting against the selfish ambition of a military dictator brought from exile by an American ship, furnished with arms by American soldiers and sailors, who has been permitted to gather all the forces of disorder, has attained supreme power by the assassination of his rival, and maintains it by the murder of every one whom he can reach who favors the United States."

The secretary believes that as long as the American people stand behind the American soldier he will maintain the honor of his flag. These are not mere words of sentiment; they come from one of ultra-conservatism, a student of the situation, a man trained in thought and naturally possessed of a judicial temperament. We are among those who believe that the anti-expansion sentiment in this country has been greatly over-estimated. The tendency of the times is clear. What Charles Kendall Adams, in his interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, calls "the ever irresistible encroachment of the Occident upon the Orient, of the modern spirit upon the spirit of antiquity," is noticeable among all the great nations of the world. "It is," says Mr. Adams, "the substitution of the railroad-train for the ox-cart and the caravan. It is electricity driving out the rush-light. It is the white man ever civilizing the red man or pushing him out of the way."

He might have added that it is opening the doors that

have been shut; it is blazing the way with weapons of war for the entrance of perpetual peace. In the words of the Rev. Lyman J. Abbott, at the recent international Congressional council at Boston, "Where conscience and reason are wanting, and either despotism rules by the reddened sword or anarchy runs its wild amuck, the Christian must meet sword with sword and awaken conscience and reason through the wholesome fear of a stronger arm." Bishop Thoburn, fresh from the Philippines, said as much in his recent interesting contribution to these columns, and it is this thought and not thirst for blood or an eager pursuit of plunder that animates the sentiment of the American people in reference to the Philippine question.

The Cost of the Transvaal War.

WHEN Canning remarked that nothing lied worse than facts except figures, he may have had in mind the estimates of the cost of wars made in the early stages of those conflicts. The predicted expenditure in almost every case of that sort turns out to be far too low. The British Parliament has appropriated \$50,000,000 to pay the expenditures of the Transvaal war, and many of the London papers declare that these figures ought to cover the entire outlay. They are probably far astray, however.

At the time that our own Congress, three weeks after the destruction of the *Maine*, appropriated \$50,000,000 for the national defense, the country thought that this fund would be ample to meet all the outgo which the war would cause, if war came. The increase in the expenditures for the army and navy which has already been caused since the early months of 1898, as compared with the average of the previous few years, has been, to date, more than \$250,000,000, and, of course, the end is not in sight yet. In fact, in a certain degree, the increased expenditure will be continuous, for the new colonies which we have gained will necessitate the employment of a much larger army and navy than we had prior to the breaking out of the war. Then, too, there are pensions to be paid, and these will last for more than half a century to come.

England's Parliament will have to increase its appropriation far beyond the \$50,000,000 mark, even though the war is likely to be much shorter than anybody a short time ago thought it would be. The transportation of between 40,000 and 50,000 soldiers for a distance of over 6,000 miles, and their support for several months in a region where, even under the most favorable conditions, the cost of living for soldiers would be high, will entail an outlay far beyond the original estimates. The present debt of the United Kingdom, deducting the sinking fund, is in the neighborhood of \$3,400,000,000, which is greater than that of any other nation except Russia, which is \$3,500,000,000, and France, \$4,500,000,000. It is altogether probable that the war with the South African Republic and the Orange Free State will run up Britain's debt at least \$200,000,000 beyond its present line.

Wars in the modern day are exceedingly costly enterprises. The bankers and the interests and resources which they represent are personages who have to be consulted by governments when great conflicts are undertaken. In the present age the money-changers are the individuals who open and shut the gates of the temple of Janus.

Why People Stay Away from Church.

A BROOKLYN preacher has recently started something deeper than a ripple in the religious circles of the country by setting forth facts and figures which show a great falling off in church attendance, not only in the City of Churches itself, but throughout the country. He cites the last year-book of the Congregational Church in the United States to show that the net gain of that denomination last year was only 2,370 in a total membership of over 600,000, and in the Presbyterian Church only 8,030 in a total membership of nearly 1,000,000. He quotes a high Methodist authority for the statement that in three of the largest conferences of that denomination, which together have 800 preachers, 160,000 members, and \$16,000,000 worth of church property, there was an actual loss last year of 2,000 members. As for Brooklyn itself the figures of church decline are even more portentous. The net gain in membership of the Protestant churches in Brooklyn last year was a little over 2,000. During a period in which the population of the city increased from 80,000 to 100,000 the church membership increased only about 5,000. It is stated that between 500,000 and 600,000 people in Brooklyn are not touched by the churches at all.

Various reasons are assigned for the falling off in attendance upon religious worship. Dr. Hillis, the new pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn, says the American people are too tired to attend church. Dwight L. Moody says that in too many cases the Bible has been crowded out by lectures on literature or by wrangling over theological problems. Another prominent preacher ascribes it to the higher criticism, and another to the apostasy of life among professed believers. Men of the world complain, he says, "that members of churches are often inferior in probity and honor to men like themselves. We send missionaries to the heathen, but in the hold of the ship they sail in we place, side by side, boxes of Bibles and barrels of rum. We send soldiers to shoot down the heathen, and then send missionaries to convert the survivors."

The preacher who made the statements first cited declares himself to be an optimist in the matter. He sees no reason for discouragement in the outlook, ominous as the figures may appear. The church of to-day, he thinks, holds as strongly to the Scriptures and their teachings as it ever did. There is no doctrinal unsoundness pervading and paralyzing the church.

With this view we agree. It is the rational view, and just-

fied by facts. The fault is not in Christianity itself, but in the methods of its presentation. Too many extraneous and unnecessary features have been introduced in the church service which distract and weary the hearers and help but little to promote religious belief and spiritual development. The vast majority of people who attend church regularly (we refer here to the Protestants) and help to support it financially and otherwise go to hear the preaching; the sermon is, for them, the chief feature of the exercises, all the others being merely subsidiary.

In older times this want was recognized, and the sermon occupied the chief place in the order of procedure, and the larger part of the time and attention. But this is not so now. Even in many of the so-called non-liturgical churches the tendency has been to relegate the sermon more and more to the background, the larger emphasis apparently being placed on the music, the responsive reading, and other features. As a typical instance, it may be noted that in a certain Presbyterian church, recently, the exercises that went before the sermon occupied three-quarters of an hour, and the sermon itself thirty minutes.

Herein we believe that a serious mistake has been made, and one which accounts in material degree for the decline in church attendance. People are wearied out with all the uprisings and down-sittings which the service calls for before the sermon begins. So much time is occupied with what are regarded as incidental or preliminary exercises that many hearers are brought to a frame of mind where the sermon does comparatively little good. The long wait has taxed the patience and wearied the body, and the sermon falls on hardened and unresponsive soil. The sermon is what the people go to hear more than anything else, and nothing should be allowed to overshadow it or push it to the background. Let it be short, practical, and full of vital force and truth, and it will attract and hold the people.

The Plain Truth.

THERE never was a single doubt that the soliciting of campaign funds by letters addressed to office-holders at Washington by the Republican campaign managers of Ohio was in direct violation of the law forbidding political assessments, and the action of the Federal civil-service commission in this matter, sustained by the decision of ex-Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, was abundantly justified. Because a man holds an office, is not a reason why he should be compelled to contribute to the support of a political party. Any other view of the question obviously makes the civil service a mere adjunct of politics and the office-holder a political dependent, whose tenure of office depends not so much upon the faithful performance of his duties as upon his ability to secure a political pull. It needs no argument to show how indefensible such a situation would be, and how inconsistent it manifestly is with honest and efficient government.

A timely note of warning from ex-Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn, to the manufacturers of the United States was given in his recent address before the International Commercial Congress at Philadelphia. Mr. Schieren said that over-production was the national evil of American manufacturers; that in prosperous times, such as we now enjoy, we enlarge and extend our plants indefinitely, piling up goods even when no market is in sight, and at last finding ourselves the victims of over-production, reduced prices, and eliminated profits. Mr. Schieren suggested that in these prosperous times American manufacturers should imitate the example of Germany and carefully seek an outlet for their surplus products in foreign lands. He said German persistence had enabled it to secure a wide foreign market, and he commended to American manufacturers a careful study of the details of packing and shipping, and other requirements of the foreign trade. He advised that we send only well-educated and capable men to look after our interests abroad, and declared that with proper foresight the American manufacturer could open an export market which would furnish an outlet for the over-production of our mills.

The sensational statement from Madrid that, owing to the ignorance of the Spanish-American peace commissioners, three islands of the Philippine group, the two Batanes and Calayan island, both north of Luzon, were not included in the scope of the treaty, and, therefore, still belong to Spain, indicates the haste with which we closed our negotiations with a well-whipped nation. Washington advises intimate that the islands referred to are not worth negotiating for, as they are out of the regular ocean travel, and are thinly populated. Nevertheless, it was understood that the entire Philippine group became ours at the close of the war, not so much by conquest as by the payment of \$20,000,000 to Spain for what was left of her interest in these possessions. There is no concealing the fact that the American people have never yet been satisfied that the payment of \$20,000,000 to Spain was justified by the circumstances. Any other nation would have compelled the Spanish government, in addition to the cession of Porto Rico, to have paid all or a good part of our war expenses. Spain was treated with the greatest consideration, but there is no indication on the part of its government that it has any appreciation of that fact.

The statement of General Funston, in his address to the students of Stanford University, that "if Congress would drive out the friars and confiscate every inch of church property the bottom would drop out of the Filipino insurrection within one week" is fortified by the action of Captain Leary, the Governor of the island of Guam, in driving the friars from that island on the ground that their hostile influence was defeating every reform measure which he suggested. Captain Leary, as the representative of the United States government, found that his authority was being constantly subverted, and that every decree, no matter of what character, was resisted by the friars, and, after exhausting every means to overcome this influence, he notified all the friars to leave, excepting one, whose character and reputation fitted him to remain. The opposition to the friars does not mean opposition to the Roman Catholic Church, but only to those who have perverted their religious authority to the injury of American interests. No complaint is made regarding the attitude of the greater part of the clergy in the Philippines, for most of them are co-operating heartily in the difficult task of our military authorities.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THE Hon. Thomas Bain, the new speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, is the first farmer who has held this high



THE HON. THOMAS BAIN, THE FARMER WHO BECAME SPEAKER OF THE CANADIAN COMMONS.

office, and is another example of the results of faithful, persevering toil. In 1837, when Mr. Bain was only three years of age, his father emigrated from Scotland to Canada and bought a bush farm in the county of Wentworth. Hard work was, therefore, the lot of young Bain, who yet found time to make good use of the neighboring public school, and to read all the best available books. To these habits of reading, which have never lapsed, his great clearness as a public speaker is largely due. His Parliamentary speeches read as models of the purest and best English. Mr. Bain's advancement from municipal positions to his present responsible office has been natural and gradual, and in the speaker's chair he will find ample opportunity for his ripe experience and acknowledged ability. He now lives in the beautiful town of Dundas, Ontario, having retired twelve years ago from active farm life.

—The title of champion woman golfer of the United States was won recently at the annual championship meeting, held at the Philadelphia Country Club, by Miss Ruth Underhill, of the Nasse Country Club, of Glen Cove, Long Island. To win the championship Miss Underhill had to defeat in turn Miss Janet Swords, of the Morris County Golf Club; Miss Pauline Mackay, of the Oakley Country Club, of Boston; Miss Elsie Cassatt, of the Merion Cricket Club, and Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, of the Huntingdon Valley Country Club. This last feat was by far the greatest of all, for Mrs. Fox was the woman who put out Miss Beatrix Hoyt,



MISS UNDERHILL, THE CHAMPION GOLFER.

the three-time champion, and her fame for that reason will never die out. Miss Underhill plays in rather peculiar form, swinging back on her long shots somewhat farther than the orthodox distance, but it is in her "putting" that she is chiefly unique. Here she stands practically facing the ball, instead of having the line of her feet horizontal to it, and swings her club back and forth with a pendulum-like motion. Another characteristic is that she never makes a stroke without having first made five or six feints, which makes her game very annoying to a nervous opponent.

—In the reconstruction of Cuba many well-known men have taken conspicuous parts, and, as a rule, their efforts have been rewarded by praise or promotion. Few, however, have merited more of both than the subject of this sketch. Captain William Weigel, of the Eleventh United States Infantry, when the war with Spain began, was a first lieutenant, serving at West Point as assistant to the quartermaster. Just such a man was needed at Camp Black to muster in the troops preparing to leave for the war. He was appointed an aid on General Pennington's staff, and was soon made a captain and assistant



CAPTAIN WEIGEL, A POPULAR ARMY OFFICER.

quartermaster, which place he held until he was promoted to a captaincy in the line. Since early in December Captain Weigel

has been an assistant to Brigadier-General C. F. Humphrey, deputy quartermaster-general and chief quartermaster for the island of Cuba. During the last few months he has been "principal assistant," and has had immediate charge of the disbursing office of the quartermaster's department. General Humphrey gives great credit to his able assistant, and well he may, for he has done much which a less able man would have feared to undertake. General Humphrey has the reputation of being the greatest quartermaster in the service. Captain Weigel was graduated from West Point high in the class of 1887, and was soon heard of as a dashing officer and hard fighter among the Indians of Arizona, where he commanded the Apache Indian scouts.

—In the beautiful valley (or *thal*, as the Germans call it) of the Isar, in upper Bavaria, through the centre of which flows the river of the same name, a young man was heard yodeling his merry lay, one fine evening not so many years ago, by the widow of the great composer, Richard Wagner. As the tale goes, she was at once struck by the fineness and power of his voice, called him to her, and then and there in her way (which all who know and love her so well understand) arranged that the young wood-cutter and raftsmen of Isar was to be turned over to that great teacher and disciple of Wagnerism, the old Munich royal music director, Levi, for the *ausbildung*, that was to prepare him for the sanctuary at Bayreuth. It is needless to say that the young man did his best, so that before long he came to continue his studies under the eagle eye of his protectress and the master-hand of good Musical Director Kneise, at Bayreuth. He worked early and late in minor parts, till on the 31st of last July his great reward and triumph came when he appeared in his great rôle of *Parsifal* in the opera of the same name. The audience listened spell-bound to his voice, so sweet, so powerful, and comforting that, when the curtain went down, the people rose as one man and hailed young, modest Alois Burgsthaler, of Tölz on the Isar, as the tenor king of the year. Yet how modestly he bore his great honors! That evening, after all was over, as he sat with a party of Americans, he told the stories of his young days, his ups and downs, without boasting or pride, but with thankful regard in every word for those who had helped him to succeed. At the same table, and opposite, sat his teacher, Kneise (beside his beautiful young bride of a week), looking as happy and proud as a bridegroom ought to look. Herr Burgsthaler now goes to the Royal Opera House at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, but a small bird has whispered that America will hear him before long.



ALOIS BURGSTHALER, THE FARM BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT TENOR.

—Rev. Daniel J. Hauer, D.D., of Hanover, Penn., who will soon celebrate his ninety-fourth birthday, is the oldest Lutheran clergyman in the United States. He was born in Frederick, Md., and entered upon his work in the ministry seventy-three years ago. From his home in his native town he witnessed the light in the sky caused by the burning of the public buildings at Washington by the British in 1814. He also saw the American troops concentrating on Baltimore the same year, when that city was threatened by the British army under General Ross, and has a vivid recollection of all the important events of the second war with England. He was one of a committee to receive General Lafayette in Baltimore in 1825, when that illustrious soldier was making a tour of the United States as the "nation's guest." Dr. Hauer studied theology under the instruction of his pastor in Frederick, and entered the ministry before there was a Lutheran college or theological seminary in this country. For two years he was a traveling missionary among the early Lutherans in the upper end of the historic Valley of Virginia, extending his visits into the mountain region of eastern Tennessee. It was his custom to travel on horseback a hundred miles or more at a time, preaching the gospel and administering the rites of his church to Lutheran settlers in that section of country. When Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States the first time Dr. Hauer was pastor of a congregation near Salisbury, N. C., where the "hero of New Orleans," in his early manhood, began his career as a lawyer. After nearly three-fourths of a century of successful work in Virginia, North Carolina, and Pennsylvania, he retired from the ministry. He retains full possession of all his mental faculties, and enjoys good health.



DR. HAUER, THE OLDEST LUTHERAN CLERGYMAN IN THE UNITED STATES.

—Everybody who appreciates the finest type of American character will be glad to hear of the safe return from Europe of Philip D. Armour, of Chicago, in excellent health, after a long rest at the German watering-places. It is characteristic of this generous-hearted, patriotic, and philanthropic man, the first citizen of Chicago, that while still in Europe he sent word to the tax-assessors of his city, requesting that a million and a half of dollars be added to the valuation of his taxable personal estate; in other words, that it should be increased from the assessors' estimate of \$2,000,000 to the enormous amount of

\$3,500,000. While many wealthy men in all our great cities are devoting their energies to escaping the payment of taxes, it is refreshing occasionally to find a man of the prominence of Mr. Armour who realizes his obligations in this matter, and is willing voluntarily to meet them.

—A young man of whom all musical Paris is talking at the present is George Dunlop Odell, of Chicago. Mr. Odell is a nephew of William Warren, of the Museum of Boston, and a cousin of Joseph Jefferson. Several years ago he went to Paris to study voice-culture. Under Sbriglia he has developed a rarely beautiful tenor voice that promises in time to make him perhaps one of the leading tenors of the world. Already he has created a furor in Paris, at studio and drawing-room musicales, and the musical critics there predict a very brilliant future for him. That he is an American by birth assures him a hearty welcome and a quick recognition this side the Atlantic. Mr. Odell's stage name is "Odeleni."



GEORGE D. ODELL, A BRILLIANT AMERICAN TENOR.

—Few Americans appreciate that the clever letters appearing in the *Washington Post* over the signature "Franceska" are written by one of their own countrywomen, and a very young woman at that, a girl scarcely out of her teens. Miss Frances Robinson-Duff went to Paris several years ago with her mother, Mrs. Robinson-Duff, the daughter of Henry K. Robinson, of Bangor, Me., and at present regarded one of the cleverest women in the American colony at Paris. Believing she had dramatic ability, Miss Robinson-Duff returned to America to become a member of



"FRANCESKA," A BRILLIANT YOUNG WRITER.

Julia Marlow's company. She was with Miss Marlow for a season, and subsequently, for a brief period, with Annie Russell. While she scored a not indifferent success on the stage, she found herself not strong enough to stand the life, and, giving it up, returned to her mother in Paris. This was about a year ago. Because of her mother's social position she was enabled to meet a great many literary people, and happening on one occasion to express a desire to venture into the field of journalism in the presence of the editor of the *Washington Post*, she was immediately assigned to the staff of the *Post* as its Paris correspondent. Her work on the *Post* is regarded brilliant, and has attracted wide attention. In view of the fact that she is so young, and, until her letters appeared in the *Post*, had had no experience in journalism, her success is quite remarkable. Miss Robinson-Duff has what may be called a perfect figure, and while rather cold and a bit haughty in her manner to strangers, is a sweet, lovable girl among her friends, a girl whose future promises to be brilliant, perhaps great.

—The duties of a minister of state at any foreign court are always of a delicate, if not a difficult, character. They require the exercise of tact and discretion of a high degree. While this is true of a minister to the court of a peaceful, orderly, and highly civilized country, much more is it true in a country of a lower order of civilization, where intrigue, conspiracy, and factional strife are regular features of court life, and where it is often exceedingly difficult for a neutral party to pursue an even and unprejudiced course of action such as that usually demanded of a diplomatic agent. The republics of Hayti and St. Domingo are countries of this kind; places where revolutions in government are of such frequent occurrence that it is often a matter of embarrassment to know which of the rival parties may be properly recognized as the legitimate and regularly constituted source of authority. During the recent and latest troubles in St. Domingo the United States was fortunate in having Mr. W. F. Powell as its envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the island governments, and to his tact, firmness, and discretion is due the fact that American interests in that region suffered no harm during the revolutionary uprising. Mr. Powell has been at this post for a number of years, and has won general esteem by his intelligent and earnest spirit and the energetic way in which he has performed his arduous and multifarious duties. His course as a diplomatic agent has been creditable to himself and to the country which he represents.



W. F. POWELL, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO THE REPUBLICS OF HAYTI AND ST. DOMINGO.

PENRHYN
STANLAWS.



THE AMERICAN GIRL SERIES No. VIII.—THE SOCIETY GIRL.

THE SOCIETY GIRL.

ATTIRED in skirts of fluffy lace
Or triumphs tailor-made,
She moves, a figure young and fair,
In fashion's gay parade.
They toast her name at every club,
The world is at her feet,
For nature and the modiste make
Her loveliness complete.

She sits within the opera-box,
A star above her brow;
To her the tenor sings his air,

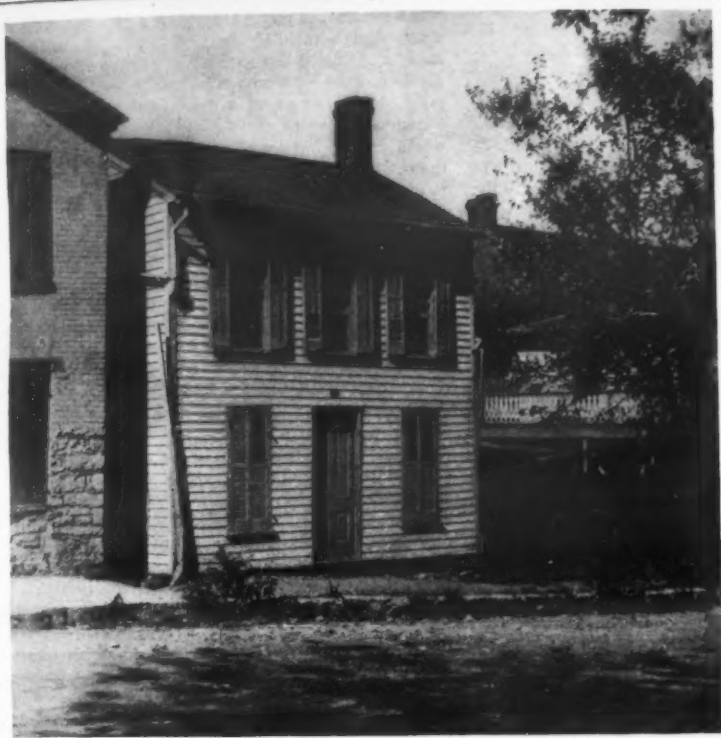
To her he makes his vow.
She dances all her nights away,
Until the crimson rose
That decks her bodice hangs its head
Against her breast of snows.

A crowd of lovers haunt her steps
To carry cloak and fan,
To button up her wrinkled gloves,
And court her—if they can.
She listens to their ardent words,
But she is fancy-free,

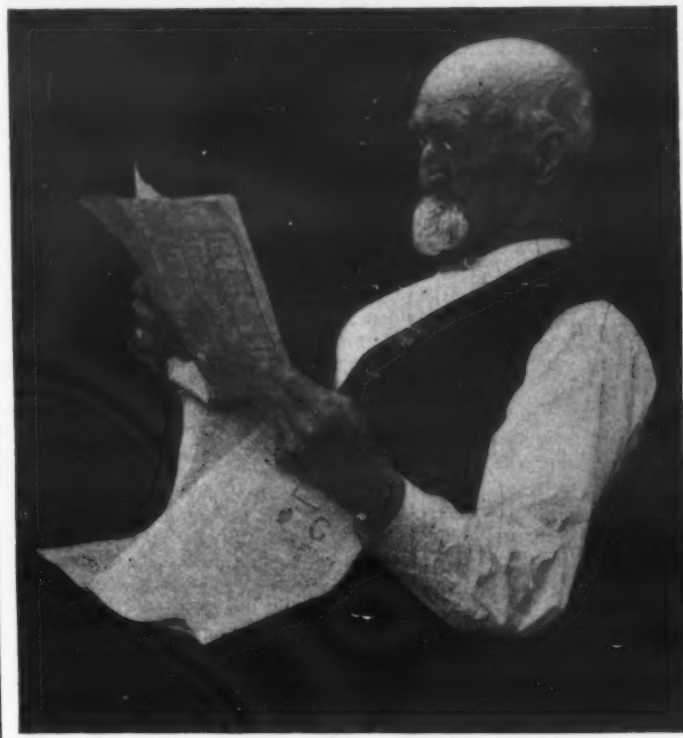
Perhaps because she has a dream
Of castles o'er the sea.

Upon a moon-lit balcony,
Before the ball is done,
Her dewy lips may yield a kiss,
The sweetest ever won.
She knows the ethics of a frill,
A ringlet's subtle art;
She lets you hold her little hand,
But never bares her heart.

MINNA IRVING



MARK TWAIN'S BOYHOOD HOME AT HANNIBAL, MO.
W. H. Dulany, Jr., Hannibal, Mo.



ONE OF UNCLE SAM'S VETERANS READING THE LATEST FROM THE TRANSVAAL WAR.
H. D. Onadale, Washington, D. C.



A FINE SPECIMEN OF THE NEW PANORAMIC PHOTOGRAPHY, TAKEN AT FOREST LAWN, N. Y.—*Frank M. Crouch, Rochester, N. Y.* (The prize-winner.)



MASTER MISCHIEF.—*Miss Eda Keary, Delphos, Ohio.*



"SHINE, SAH?"—*Copyrighted by V. G. Schreck, Savannah, Ga.*

OUR AMATEUR PRIZE CONTEST—ROCHESTER WINS.
[SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]

THE CHINAMAN IN NEW YORK.

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE NOTORIOUS CHINESE QUARTER OF THE GREAT CITY.
HOW THE CHINAMAN LIVES, MARRIES, WORKS, AND DIES.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHINESE THEATRE.

swarms—which they seldom are—for overhead swing and creak strange signs of the dragon, golden suns, and sprawling inscriptions, alleged by the Chinese residents to be religious symbols; alleged by the police to be gambling-house advertisements; and on the fire-escape balconies hang gay paper lanterns against a background of stunted and exotic shrubbery in huge blue-ware crocks. All this spectacular effect is purely extraneous. Architecturally, Chinatown is nothing. Strip off this profusion of ornament, and underneath there is nothing but the grim, black-halled, foul-aired, many-celled tenement-houses. Chinatown has no building that is not American—and the worst kind of American.

Such as they are, these teeming hives, they are home to some 3,000 Orientals, and a sort of pseudo-fatherland to 7,000 or 8,000 others who live by twos and threes around New York and Brooklyn, and come over every Sunday; not to mention a couple of hundred more from Newark, Paterson, and other Jersey cities, who contrive to get up to the joss-house on special feast-days. Yet there was no great wail of grief and alarm from them when the project of cleaning out the Chinese quarter and running a broad street through there was seriously considered in legislative halls. Partly this was due to Asiatic fatalism, partly to the knowledge that there were other tenements to be acquired—tenements which would empty at the approach of the yellow-skinned colony; for other races abide not in that region which the Chinaman enters in force. "You may kill a fly," runs the Japanese proverb, "and smoke out a mosquito; but the pestilent patience of the Chinaman overcometh all things."

A somewhat superfluous law of this country shuts out John Chinaman from citizenship. That is no grief to John. He doesn't yearn for the enlightenment of Western civilization typified by foreign devils who attempt to restrict his use of opium, and even go so far as to deny him the right of gambling. What he wants to do is to live here on twenty cents a day while making two dollars a day, and, as soon as he gets enough surplus, go back to his ancestral halls, where he can support a family in great comfort on something like twelve cents a day. The copyright on this article doesn't prohibit persons with a taste for mathematics from using these figures as a basis for calculating how long it will be before, under present conditions, America has a permanent Chinese population. Of course John sometimes marries here and settles down. His wife may be a Chinese woman to whom he was betrothed years before, when she was a baby, and who comes over here in the steerage and under chaperonage to fulfill the obligation entered into by her parents, and to find herself the centre of very considerable celebrations extending through the three streets of the quarter. In the last wedding of this sort the bride was twenty-one and the bridegroom fifty-four. The betrothal had lasted since her second year. More often the bride is one of the debauched girl victims of the quarter, and the wedding ceremony is after the American custom, for which the Chinaman has small regard. It matters the less in that the wife commonly dies in a year or two, rarely leaving any offspring. Opium does it. To the Mongolian it is one of the blessings of life. To the Caucasian it is mental, moral, and physical decay; then insanity; then death. There is a third class of marriages not pleasant to contemplate: the union of Chinamen to young Sunday-school teachers. There was a time, and not long ago, when association of this kind resulted in several weddings. Many more might have followed had not several outspoken and courageous clergymen delivered warnings from the pulpit of the folly and danger of such alliances; whereupon they were, as a matter of course, denounced in round terms from many other pulpits as enemies to the propagation of the Christian faith.

But the John Chinaman of Doyers and Pell and Mott streets is not going to be saved by the Christian faith. He will work out his own salvation, if he works it out at all, along different lines, and it will be a different salvation when he arrives at it. He doesn't want to be good after the foreign devils' fashion. He wants to live as he pleases and by and by go back to that China over which European political writers are now holding corners' inquests, and meantime he will lay chopped chicken at the feet of Joss, and burn paper prayers on special occasions, and piously preserve the memory of his ancestors, and will give himself over to several vices, but few crimes—for the New York

Chinaman is not a criminal except where his vices run counter to our, to him, incomprehensible laws.

Until recently all Chinatown performed its religious duties in one place, the old joss-house in Mott Street. Very recently the Lee faction, headed by Sam Lee, "Mayor of Chinatown," who, in the summer season, drives down every day from his place above the Harlem in a smart road-wagon drawn by a good horse, has built a sort of upper-ten joss house of its own, which it dedicated last month with fire-crackers and paper lanterns, a dinner costing twenty dollars a plate, and a theatre-party that lasted all day and far into the night. For the Lees are a powerful and wealthy faction, and their Joss looks out over a prospect of wonderfully carved wood and precious silks, while the smoke of costly incense rises to his aristocratic snub nose. What the creed of Joss really is, the Chinaman confides not to the foreign devil. Presumably it does not concern itself too strenuously with morals, as we understand them; is not incompatible with open gambling, opium-smoking, and association with the white girl slaves of the quarter. Nor does it, apparently, preclude the practice of perjury, which the transplanted Asiatic has reduced to an exact science. This is a great convenience in lawsuits, since, for every witness on one side who will swear to one set of facts, a counter-witness can be easily secured who will swear to another set of facts the opposite of the first.

Chinese perjury has become proverbial in all of the police courts of the city. Some time ago an effort to do away with it was made by a conscientious magistrate, who was informed that the Celestial didn't care a rap for any Melican oath that could be administered, but that he would cleave strenuously to the truth if sworn after his own rites, which consist in cutting



MOTTOES AND SHRINE FOR BURNING INCENSE IN THE JOSS-HOUSE.

off the head of a chicken in court and burning a paper prayer, these ceremonies being accompanied by the adjuration, in Chinese: "If I speak not the truth, may my head be severed as this fowl's and my body consumed as this paper."

The magistrate gave this scheme a trial in court. From a spectacular standpoint the case was a great success, but not otherwise, for of the witnesses who took this binding oath, half swore to facts which were absolutely incompatible with the facts sworn to by the other half. As none of the witnesses has yet been decapitated or incinerated, the question of which side told the truth is still unsettled.

It will be readily seen that as all Chinese suits are carried on on similar principles as to testimony, there is not much chance of a satisfactory decision. If justice is done at all in Chinatown, it is likely to be attained by the curious coincidence of the wronged party happening to dislodge a brick or other heavy article from a lofty window-sill at the moment when his foe is passing underneath. It is held by some observers of Chinese character that the habit of wearing the queue buttressed up on top of the head is not so much a fashion as an exemplification of the first law of nature.

The credit, such as it is, of putting the judicial chicken-and-burnt-paper hoax up on the court is generally ascribed to a curious character who dawned upon Chinatown about four years ago. He is, perhaps, the only man of alien race who has identified himself thoroughly with the Chinese colony and has had an intelligent understanding of the conditions obtaining there. Of what race he was is not known to the writer, but the name which he used when last here was German. He appeared in the Chinese quarter one day, and, walking into a store, began a casual conversation with the proprietor, who was a pretty good speaker of English. Presently the talk drifted off into Chinese, and the astonished merchant discovered that his new acquaintance was a master of that complicated tongue.

The new-comer soon made many influential friends there. He let it be understood that he was thoroughly conversant with police methods, at the same time allowing the police to know that he had Chinatown at his fingers' ends, with the result that he became the recognized go-between in those delicate negotia-

tions which Chinatown constantly carries on with the police. Moreover, he kept in with both factions, and averted many expensive and troublesome lawsuits between them. In person he was a slender but powerfully-built man of about forty-five, with a singularly seamed and marred face, as of a man who had lived many and varied lives. He was gentle of voice and suave of manner, notwithstanding which he held in complete control some of the most powerful Chinamen of the quarter. From his conversation he seemed to have been in every country in the world and to have undergone strange adventures in most of them. One matter which he did not think worth while mentioning to the writer came to notice after he had left this vicinity, his departure, by the way, being caused by his having found out certain matters that would have made even murder worth while to those most interested rather than the facts should come out. The affair referred to above was a revolution in one of the Central American republics which failed to come off. Somebody has said that every boy can hope to be President of the United States or confidently expect to be President of a Central American republic. The latter was the ambition of this gentleman, but his schemes were divulged prematurely and he got away with his life, which was considered at the time to be a great stroke of luck on his part. It was about a year after this that he turned up in Chinatown.

Chinatown does its own things in its own way. That way is not the American way. In nine cases out of ten it is not even a way that an American could understand. Morally and ethically considered, the Chinaman, from our point of view, lives in a sort of fourth dimension of space. He is not "a man and a brother," and never can be, for all his thoughts and actions arise from premises and rest upon a basis essentially alien from anything we recognize. All this is reflected to a great extent in his outward life. In so far as is possible he keeps to his own customs. American laws, which he never will understand and doesn't want to understand, bind him, and to these he yields such obedience as he must, chiefly because the police have taught him explicitly the unwisdom of disregarding them. But where the law touches him not he is pure Oriental. He eats Chinese food and drinks Chinese beverages and liquors. His doctor, when he is ill, is a Chinese following a school of medicine which hasn't changed much since the time of Confucius, and which seems outlandish enough, with its burnt-paper exorcisms and frogs' toes, if one doesn't happen to remember that our own ancestors, once on a time, intrusted their hopes of recovery from fever to such weird agencies as powdered spiders and extract of the livers of newts.

He goes to a theatrical performance, when he feels merry, that lasts for a week, where he listens to the music of an orchestra that would drive a white man to desperation in five minutes. Excepting the laundrymen and the cigar-makers, his business is chiefly with his fellows, and is carried on by methods which would astonish the local merchant, while his system of accounts is so intricate that no Western mind, it is alleged, has ever been able to master it. Socially, he has his own code—a very rigid code—which he lives up to with great particularity, regulating by it his dress, speech, communications, visits, gifts, and religious observances. These latter, of course, are performed in his own joss-house to his own Joss on certain set feast-days, when the quarter makes a joyful noise unto its gods, according to its own notions, with much explosion of giant fire-crackers.

And finally, when the Chinaman dies, he is buried with his own rites in a little plot of a Brooklyn cemetery owned by the Chinese colony, where, on a bare hillside overlooked by a bone-reducing plant, from which the black bone-soot drifts in clinging flakes upon the garments of the mourners, he is laid to rest and committed to the care of the ancestors whom he has never forgotten to honor, and upon his grave, marked by a little wooden slab strangely inscribed, are placed the fried chicken and rice, the "funeral baked meats" of the worshippers of Joss. Every grave in that cheerless little burial-plot means the abandonment of a last ambition; for the Chinaman never quite loses the hope, until the last gasp, of laying his bones under the same soil that covers those of his ancestors.

Can the Boers Win?

SOMETHING ABOUT THEIR RESOURCES AND THE POSSIBLE STRENGTH OF THEIR ARMY—CAN THEY DO WHAT THE AMERICAN COLONIES DID?

It is too much to assume, as many are doing, that in a conflict at arms between the Britons and the Boers, such as that now in progress, ultimate victory for the Briton is a foregone conclusion. There are possibilities and some yet indeterminate factors in the situation which make such a conclusion of the struggle less of a certainty than might be supposed from a superficial glance at the opposing forces. It is true that we have on the one side one of the richest and most powerful nations on the globe, with an immense standing army and a magnificent navy, both equipped with every instrument of war that modern science can provide; and on the other side a small state populated with a rude and comparatively poor people, with no standing army and no navy. Taken by themselves and without consideration of other elements of any kind, and it would appear a manifest absurdity to predict anything but a speedy and complete triumph for the British cause. But there are other elements to be considered.

It is well to remember, in the first place, that the Boer and the Briton have met in deadly array on several previous occasions, with the result of an overwhelming and disastrous defeat for the second party. In the battles of Laing's Nek, Ingogo, Majuba hill, and in the Jameson raid, the Boers were victorious, although the British outnumbered them in nearly every instance. In fact, previous to the present war the British had never won a victory over the Boers except at Bhoombphats, in 1848, when the latter had nothing better than flint-locks, while their foes were equipped with heavy artillery. In the conflict at Majuba hill, in 1880, the Boers won against greater odds, it is said, than have been won by any volunteer army in modern times. Their charge up the hill in the face of an overwhelming foe has never been surpassed in war history. Their total force on this occasion was only 160 men, while the British had 600

and were strongly intrenched. Men capable of such magnificence—and the same Boers are in the fighting line to-day—may bring about results that will astonish the world. The crushing defeat of the British at Ladysmith may be only a forerunner of like disasters to the invading army.

Fighting, as they are, in their home land, the Boers have some natural advantages in their favor to count against experienced British generalship, military science, and weight of numbers. South Africa is a country practically without harbors or navigable rivers. Its coast-line on both sides is almost unbroken. Between the Atlantic coast and the highlands of the interior stretches a dreary waste of sand-dunes and treeless, waterless plains, while the east coast is swampy and malarious to an alarming degree. The Transvaal republic itself is completely landlocked. Under these conditions the British will have great difficulty in transporting their forces to the seat of war and mashing them against the enemy, while their boasted and invincible navy will have no call for action at all unless some of the coast countries should become involved in the struggle. On the other hand, the Boers can choose their own ground and own way of fighting, have their own resources at hand to draw upon, and an enormous stretch of broken country back of their lines into which to retire, if necessary, and conduct their manoeuvres in comparative safety. They are skilled in bush fighting, as past experiences have shown, and know how to make the most of the natural advantages which the region offers for defensive warfare. They will not fight in the open if they can help it.

Another element in favor of the burghers of the Transvaal lies in the fact that they will doubtless be assisted in their struggle by one or more of the neighboring South African States, and, at all events, by a large number of people in the regions adjacent who are allied with them by ties of blood and language. The Orange Free State has already decided to cast its weight into the scale of war on the side of the Boers, and has sent to their aid an army of 20,000 men as valiant in fight as their Transvaal kinsmen. Natal, another neighbor, can muster in an emergency an army of at least 3,000 men of Boer extraction who would be happy at the chance of putting in a blow at an old enemy. But larger and more formidable than all of these other outside forces together would be the Afrikaner element in Cape Colony, to whom President Krüger has made a passionate appeal for help. These people are native whites of Dutch descent, and although they are subjects of Great Britain, it is not unlikely that they will choose to fight for their Boer kinsmen rather than against them. The Afrikaners of Cape Colony number about 300,000 and are in the majority there, so that in the event of their joining issue with President Krüger, as it is rumored they will do, they could add enormously to the dangers and difficulties which the English would be compelled to face. According to a Brussels dispatch, Dr. Leyds, the diplomatic agent of the Transvaal in Europe, has issued a statement that the Boers have now nearly a hundred thousand men in the field, made up as follows:

Boer regulars	35,000
Artillery	1,250
Police	1,750
Orange Free State troops, including Uitlanders	35,000
Natal Boers	3,000
Bechuanaland and Rhodesian Boers	8,000
Foreign Legion	600
Americans	4,000
Germans	6,000
Dutch-Belgians	2,000
Irish	1,000
Scandinavians	600
French, Swiss, and Italians	200

A high military authority gives the entire British army, including reserves, available for service in South Africa at 60,000 men, to which a few thousand irregulars gathered from other parts of the empire may afterward be added. Upon the basis of these figures the chances of war for the burghers do not appear so bad, after all, despite the dear-bought victories of the British at Glencoe and Elandslaagte.

Another still larger, and possibly determining, factor in the situation may be found in the native African or black population of the region of disturbance. It is asserted that these people will adhere to the British cause, but that is by no means a certainty. They will probably be divided in their sympathies as in their allegiance, and will contribute of their forces to both sides. What the possibilities are in this direction, so far as numbers are concerned, may be judged by a few figures. In the Transvaal itself a census of 1898 records a white population of 345,397 and a black population of 748,759. The figures for the Orange Free State are 77,716 and 129,787, respectively. In the British territory, beginning with Natal and Zululand on

the east, there are only 61,000 Europeans, as against 714,635 Kaffirs and 53,370 of other races. The little country called Basutoland, on the Orange Free State border, has only 578 Europeans while the blacks number 218,324. The white population numbers but 376,987, the colored 1,150,237—more than three times as many. Farther northward on the west, up through Bechuanaland, and then through Matabeleland and Mashonaland, there are several hundred thousand blacks and a mere handful of whites. Taking the total population, therefore, of Cape Colony, Basutoland, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal itself, and we have about 700,000 whites to more than 3,000,000 blacks. If a considerable portion of these natives should line up with the Boers in battle, who will dare to say what the issue of the conflict may be?

It may be observed, also, that not a few unprejudiced men familiar with the situation in South Africa are freely expressing the opinion that the cause of the Boers is not so hopeless as some imagine. Thus Mr. Bertram Mitford, the well-known African traveler, who has lived in the region of the Transvaal for twenty-five years and knows the Boers well, says:

He (the Boer) is far stronger now than even three or four years ago. At the time of the raid the Boers were not so prepared for hostilities. Their marksmanship had degenerated. But the raid aroused them. They said to themselves that they had defeated 600 men who set out to capture their land, but what if 6,000 or 60,000 had come against them? How would they have fared then? They began to prepare themselves. They re-established shooting-clubs all over the country. They laid in enormous stocks of war material of every kind. They prepared food reserves. To-day the Boers are in every way prepared. Constant practice since the raid has enormously improved the shooting of the younger men. They have ammunition enough now to last them for twenty years; and it will take some time to exhaust their food supplies.

Events directly in the line of Mr. Mitford's supposition have already come to pass. The Boers have been defeated in one or two battles, but they have not thrown down their rifles nor gone back to their farms. They have won a signal victory at Ladysmith, captured the Irish Fusiliers, the Gloucestershire Regiment, and a mountain battery, and this may be the beginning of better fortunes for them. Before Sir Redvers Buller arrives with re-enforcements the armies of President Krüger may win such other triumphs as shall attract to their standards a large number of the disaffected elements in the British colonies who have been waiting to see where the best chances are likely to be.

Back from the Philippines.

No larger State delegation has gone West to meet any regiment of volunteers than that which went to greet the Fifty-first Iowa Regiment, which arrived at San Francisco on October 23d, on the transport *Senator*. The transport had a stormy passage. The scene was sad and glad at the same time. One father aboard the tug threw his arms about the neck of a private. It was his son returning to him, with the body of another son in a coffin aboard the transport. Scenes of glad reunion and heart-breaks alternated with each other. Wives called to husbands and mothers to sons, and there was plenty of tears and laughter. The volunteers marched to the Presidio, 746 men and forty-nine officers, and many people said that they were the healthiest-looking lot of men which had returned from the Philippines. It was the fifteenth State regiment that San Francisco had welcomed back from the Orient. Colonel Loper led the regiment, which was greeted everywhere with cheers, having distinguished itself in eight battles and innumerable skirmishes. Kansas and Washington volunteers cheered



COLONEL LOPER, THE BRAVE COLONEL OF THE FIFTY-FIRST IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

the arrivals at the gate of the

welcomed them home in the name of Iowa. Later the Washington regiment entertained the new-comers at supper, and the men were given leave for a day.

After eighteen months of service in the Philippines the First Montana Volunteers arrived in the city of Butte, October 23d, where they were greeted by the booming of artillery and the cheers of tens of thousands of people. Dinner was served in the armory, and Governor Smith formally greeted the veterans. After passing through the principal streets of the city, and being reviewed by Governor Smith, Brigadier-General Harry C. Kessler, and staff, the soldiers were drawn up on Main Street and each man received a bronze-and-silver medal of honor from the State. Fifty thousand dollars was raised in a few days, \$15,000 of which was paid for the transportation of the boys from San Francisco.

A Little Bovine Beauty.

ARMOUR ROSE, THE HEIFER THAT RECEIVED 160,000 VOTES IN A GIFT CONTEST AT KANSAS CITY.

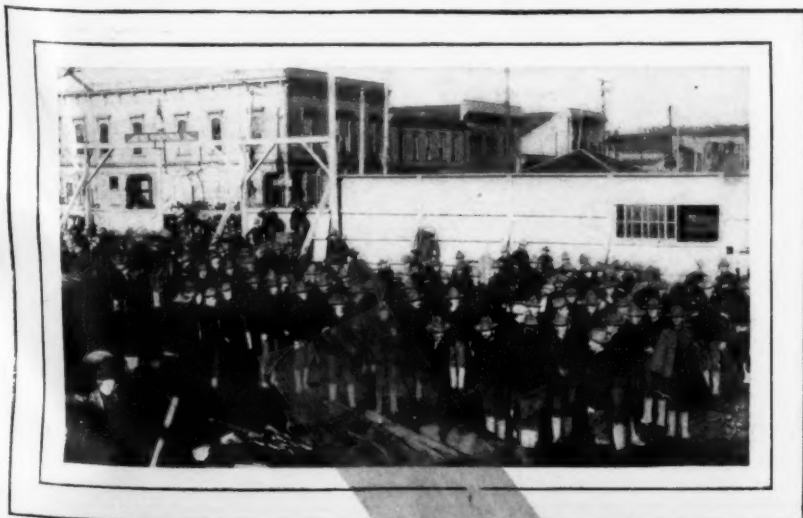
If frequent and overwhelming demonstrations of popular admiration could turn any creature's head little Armour Rose,



THE MOST POPULAR HEIFER IN THE WEST.

the prize Hereford yearling of the Kirk B. Armour breeding establishment at Kansas City, would by this time be a spoiled beauty. But there is no evidence that such is the case. On the contrary, it is said that Armour Rose is as gentle as a kitten, and carries herself in every way as a high-bred and well-mannered young creature should.

Rose was born not longer ago than February 13th, 1898, of a family distinguished in the annals of the bovine world. Her lineage is indeed truly royal, her mother being no less a personage than Armour Naid XII., and her sire the famous Beau Brummel, Jr. Rose herself was only nine months old when her graceful form and pretty ways attracted the attention of certain connoisseurs of Kansas City who were in search of something beautiful that could be made a nucleus for a grand gift concert to be given for the purpose of raising money to complete the great Kansas City convention hall. They asked for Rose, and Mr. Armour donated her for the contest. One hundred and sixty thousand tickets for her were sold in three weeks, and the animal was won by Mrs. R. W. Ryan. Rose was afterward redeemed by the Armour Packing Company, who gave Mrs. Ryan a check for \$1,000, the value placed upon the heifer when donated, and she was returned to the farm where her calfhood days were passed. The portrait of this little queen of the West from which our picture was taken was made by Mr. George Ford Morris, of Chicago, who has made a name for himself in animal painting. It is said that he never had a fairer subject than Armour Rose.



RETURNING IOWA VOLUNTEERS LANDING AT THE SAN FRANCISCO DOCK.



THE BEAUTIFUL ARCH OF TRIUMPH AT BUTTE CITY, MONT., ILLUMINATED IN HONOR OF THE RETURNING MONTANA VOLUNTEERS.



ENTRANCE TO THE JOSS-HOUSE IN CHINATOWN.



CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE OF CHINAMEN WHILE READING AN IMPORTANT NOTICE AT THE JOSS-HOUSE.



NARROW, CROOKED DOYERS STREET, LOOKING TOWARD PELL STREET, FROM THE CHINESE THEATRE.



THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S CHINATOWN IN MOTT STREET.



LUNCH SERVED IN A CHINATOWN RESTAURANT IN MOTT STREET.



ELABORATE WOOD-CARVING IN THE MOTT STREET JOSS-HOUSE.

THE PICTURESQUE CHINESE QUARTER IN NEW YORK.

THIS HAS BECOME A PERMANENT FIXTURE NOT FAR FROM THE FAMOUS BOWERY OF NEW YORK CITY.



COACH SANFORD, WHO PUT THE ONLY TEAM IN THE FOOT-BALL FIELD, OUTSIDE OF PRINCETON AND HARVARD, THAT HAS EVER BEATEN YALE.



1 Knapp, right tackle 2 Wilson (captain), quarter-back 3 Miller, right guard 4 Morley, right half-back 5 Wright, centre 6 Bryan, left guard 7 Larendon, full-back 8 Weekes, left half-back 9 Neidlinger, left end 10 Slocovitch, right end 11 Smyth, left tackle.

THE STALWART COLUMBIA TEAM, WHICH OVERCAME YALE'S CRACK PLAYERS.



1. George Young, Jr. 2. Berry. 3. Otis. 4. Bryant. 5. Windsor. 6. Morrison. 7. Mason (coach). 8. Whiting (coach). 9. Alexander. 10. G. H. Young. 11. Meuden. 12. Haughton (head coach). 13. Short. 14. Folger. 15. Tappen. 16. Dorner. 17. Wilson. 18. Whitney. 19. Starbuck. 20. Warner. 21. Caldwell. 22. Porter (manager). 23. Davall. 24. Pierson. 25. Taussig.

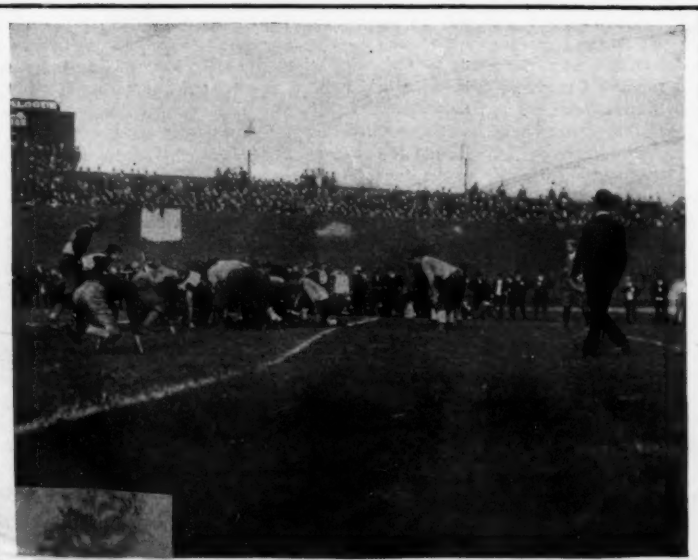
THE BRAWNY CORNELL ELEVEN AND SUBS, WHICH SURPRISED THE PRINCETON TIGERS.—Copyright, 1899, by Howes, Ithaca.



CAPTAIN STARBUCK, ON WHOSE JUDGMENT THE CORNELLS WON THEIR VICTORY. Photograph by Howes.



COACH HAUGHTON, WHO HANDLED CORNELL'S ELEVEN SO ABLY. Photograph by Howes.



COLUMBIA AND YALE LINED UP IN THE RECENT GREAT GAME—COLUMBIA'S BALL.



COLUMBIA WITH THE BALL ON YALE'S TWENTY-FIVE-YARD LINE.

THE TWO SURPRISES OF THE FOOT-BALL SEASON.

COLUMBIA AND CORNELL WREST THE HONORS, AFTER WELL-FOUGHT CONTESTS, FROM THE OLD-TIME VICTORS, YALE AND PRINCETON.

Sixty Miles an Hour!

DRIVING THE EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS—HOW IT FEELS TO RIDE ON A FLYING LOCOMOTIVE.

"The soldier is like an umbrella—one thinks of him only when it rains."—Wellington.

"SAY, young man, just tell me, are there any of you folks riding up and down the line between New York and Albany, or New York and Buffalo, on this train of the New York Central as stops to think for a minute just how much depends upon the brain and nerves of the man with the coal-dust face and greasy hands mopping the wheels of the engine with an oil-rag? Yet for the last four hours I have held the lives of these two hundred people right in the palm of my hand—so. Queer, when you come to think of it, isn't it? Look at them, going up that platform to meet their friends. They have got so used to traveling at sixty miles an hour that they take it all as a matter of course. I'll bet there ain't one of them ladies as looks at us, dabbling over the engine, but wonders what dirty-looking creatures we are, never dreaming, perhaps, that it's we who've brought them safely over the one hundred and eighty miles between here and Albany. It's a pretty heavy responsibility, all things reckoned up. But there, it's always the case. The public never think of us, except when we've saved the train and saved them from death by our nerve and wit."

The speaker is George Van Tassell, one of the group of four engineers told off by the management of the New York Central Railroad to run the precious Empire State express between New York and Albany. Mr. Van Tassell and his contemporaries, Messrs. Raymond, Buchanan, and West, have only attained their eminent position among engine-drivers by reason of about thirty years' experience in driving over every kind of road in the United States. And they all agree that the run between New York and Albany, with its thousand curves and turns, is, at top speed, calculated to tax the coolest, steadiest hand that ever held a throttle.

Mr. Van Tassell only understates the situation when he speaks of a "pretty heavy responsibility." The human freight intrusted to his care is sometimes priceless beyond pearls and rubies. The Empire State express is the one train beloved of the State politician. It is the unwritten cardinal law that the legislator who would maintain caste shall travel to and from New York by this train. Every lobbyist with a measure to manipulate, every trust-owner with a mission, every merchant interested in a bill, every Wall Street sharper on the watch for a measure which shall mean the rise or fall of so many points in a stock, every and any kind of man who has something to ask or something to order at Albany, insists upon the Empire State express. Senator Depew, on his way to talk to Governor Roosevelt; Mr. Croker, whipping the stray sheep of Tammany into obedience; David B. Hill, defying all, are one in blindly trusting themselves to the hands of Mr. Van Tassell.

Above all may be counted that particular Empire State express which carries the legislators back to Albany from the week-end visit to their homes in New York. It has frequently been Mr. Van Tassell's privilege to take charge of this Monday-morning train. Strewed about the cars is one-half of the Republican machine, two-thirds of Tammany, to say nothing of the attachés and officials of the House, and yet no passes are ever honored on this train. The slightest blur of Mr. Van Tassell's sight; a weakening of the wrist power in an awkward curve; the miscalculation of distance by about a yard; the misapprehension of a signal; the failure to respond to a whistle; the slightest increase in speed at one point or decrease in another, and Tiger and Elephant would lie in peaceful harmony at the bottom of the Hudson River, never again to be troubled with the thoughts of deals and combines. Mr. Croker and Mr. Platt would be as fathers bereft of their families, and the newspapers would unanimously use the Associated Press "copy."

"And that's just the point," growled another engineer, joining the group. "That's just the point that the old man—what old man? Who do you think? There never was but one old man in this company. You chaps know him—says he to us, says he, in that nice, jolly way of his: 'Boys, there's one thing you'll never forget. Every time you go out on the road there's so many lives in your hands, so many precious lives—some of them extremely precious.'"

"The engineer who tells you that he doesn't feel a thrill when he's rushing that train along at sixty miles an hour is a liar," said Mr. Van Tassell. "I don't mean scared—the man who's going to be scared and lose his nerve has got no place on an engine. He may as well give up the road. It's bearing the sense of his responsibility and being able to keep his wits and his nerves under control."

"I've got used to that speed now, and think nothing of it. Take it as a matter of course. But the first time—well! Every yard with my heart in my throat for fear anything got by me. It was at night, too, with the red and green lights dancing a fandango before my eyes all the way, and whistles seeming to blow a thousand different times in my ear. That was years ago, and now it's just like eating my breakfast. I've had just one or two firemen on these engines in my time when we got up to the limit. I've seen them turn as white as a sheet and tremble until they fell on their knees."

"No, there ain't anything that scares an old hand now. Well, I don't know. When you swirl around a curve and suddenly see a red light right before your nose and you don't know whether you're going to bump into the rear of a freight or a local, if your heart doesn't go into your boots for the moment, you're a good 'un."

"There's another thing that worried me when I was a youngster, and will always scare a younger hand—hearing the conductor's bell ring, and you don't know whether you've run over a man, or whether he's seen something ahead of you, or whether there's a murder or a hold-up, or somebody has died on board. Out West the conductor's bell always means mischief."

"To run over a man—perhaps that's the only thing of all that shakes me. To see him on the track within ten or twenty feet of you; to know that you can't stop to save him; to feel the wheels of the engine go over his body, crunching out his life—a man doesn't want to experience that more than once in a lifetime."

"It's worse with a child. There was an old mate of mine in the West, when I was riding in the Union Pacific—never mind his name, he's dead now. As good an engineer as ever stood in a box, cool as the devil, nerve like steel, had been through three wrecks, a hold-up, and a fire. Well, one day Jim was a little behind his schedule, and made like anything for the next stop. There was a crossing right in front of him. He saw that everything was clear, as he thought, and went right ahead, when all at once, out of a clump of trees, there ran a little golden-haired fairy right in front of the engine. It was all over in one instant, and when the train stopped Jim dropped like a log. It was two months before he crept back again to work. But he could never come to that crossing but he saw the little girl with her hair fluttering in the wind, running out from the trees. And one day he just got off his engine, turned it over to the second man and walked away, never to be seen again, until his body was found in the river."

SAQUI SMITH.

Yankee Dewey Came to Town.

YANKEE DEWEY came to town
And brought the gallant sailors
Who helped him sweep the Philippines
Of Montojos and Weylers.

Eyes front upon a grand parade
He found the waiting nation.
With flowers, flags, and drums enough
To wake up all creation.

Yankee Dewey up to date,
Yankee Dewey dandy:
Write him with the good and great
Who won their battles handy.

Yankee Dewey came to town.
A sword beside him dangled,
Gold lace and buttons trimmed his coat,
Gilt stars his shoulders spangled.
The bands with silver, reed, and brass
Tried which could play the louder,
While ships and shore in wild uproar
Were burning tons of powder.

Yankee Dewey, see it through,
Yankee Dewey dandy,
Nothing is too good for you
Who whipped the dons so handy.

Yankee Dewey took the town,
Red, white, and blue he found it,
Just like a girl dressed up to kill,
With miles of bunting round it.
The cannon hoarsely told again
Manila's stirring story,
And rockets painted on the sky
The colors of Old Glory!
Yankee Dewey, do not stop,
Yankee Dewey dandy,
Now that you are at the top
The White House chair is handy.

MINNA IRVING.

An Age of Transportation.

WHAT THE RAILROADS HAVE DONE FOR THE WELFARE OF MANKIND—GEORGE H. DANIELS'S INSTRUCTIVE ADDRESS.

No one questions the truth and the practical wisdom of the saying that the steam locomotive is the greatest civilizer of modern times. It might also be said, with equal truth, that for the power and success of this civilizing agency the world is more deeply indebted to the ingenuity, enterprise, and progressive spirit of the American people than to anything and everything else. For it is in this country that the steam locomotive has reached the highest stage of mechanical perfection, and that steam railroading in all its departments has had its most rapid and remarkable development.



GEORGE H. DANIELS, THE GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD. Photograph by Pach Brothers.

America long since outstripped every other country in the world in the extent and excellence of its railroad systems and their equipment, and in the manufacture of railway engines and other railway supplies. The best evidence of this superiority is seen in the fact that America is supplying every civilized nation in the world to-day with a large part of the railroad material used by them.

Many interesting facts and figures confirmatory of these statements were brought out in an address made by Mr. George H. Daniels, the well-known general passenger agent of the New York Central, before the International Commercial Congress at Philadelphia. Mr. Daniels showed the close relation existing between the commercial, industrial, and agricultural prosperity of a country and the development of its transportation facilities. The extent and excellence of these facilities he declared to be a sure test of a nation's power and vitality, a truth which he illustrated by many examples.

The marvelous achievements of American railroads and the superiority of American-made locomotives were set forth by Mr. Daniels in a most forcible and instructive way. According to his statements, there are now in Japan more than 100 locomotives that were built in the United States. In Russia they have nearly 1,000 American locomotives, and practically every railway in Great Britain has ordered locomotives from this country since the beginning of the war with Spain. Germany

recently sent an imperial commission to this country to investigate our railways, and on its return it recommended the adoption of many of our methods, explaining in their report that they were far superior not only to those in vogue in Germany, but also superior to those of any other country.

And it is not our locomotives only, but everything connected with the construction and maintenance of railways that are in constant demand in foreign lands. The great Trans-Siberian road in Russia, now in course of construction, is being laid with American steel rails, and American tools and machinery are used in the work. The same is true of the roads being constructed in China, Japan, and South Africa.

The railroads have grown to such proportions in the past half-century that to-day the world's entire stock of money, gold and silver, would not purchase one-third of them. Great cities have been built, vast territories opened up and developed, and whole nations transformed by the introduction of railroads. They have broken down the isolation of China and opened a way for light and civilization to the heart of Africa. Because of its railroad facilities Montana is to-day the richest copper country in the world, and for the same reason Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, California, Oregon, and Washington have become prosperous and strong through the export of their vast crops of wheat and corn. The vineyards and orange-groves of California would have little value to-day were it not that the country has been brought within quick and cheap communication with the great markets of the world by the railroads. In 1875 the States east of the Missouri River were sending food and clothing to the starving people of Kansas and the regions beyond. Thanks to the facilities afforded by the railroads, the corn crop of Kansas this year is 340,000,000 bushels; South Dakota has 45,000,000 bushels of wheat, North Dakota 65,000,000, and Montana 4,000,000 bushels.

Time was when a prejudice existed in the common mind against railroad officials because of their alleged monopolistic tendencies. But this feeling, Mr. Daniels points out, has so far changed that the Empire State has been able to send to the United States Senate Chauncey M. Depew, a leading railroad president, and that with every evidence of popular approval. Two of the men who are nearest the Czar of Russia to-day, Monsieur de Witte, the imperial minister of finance, and Prince Hilkoff, imperial minister of railways, both came up from the lower ranks of railway service. A few years ago Monsieur de Witte was a station-agent at a small town on one of the railways of Russian Poland.

In these and a hundred other ways the railroads have pushed themselves to the very front as a factor in every department of modern life, and have contributed vastly more than any other mechanical agency to the comfort, happiness, and prosperity of the human race; and the public and railroads are indebted to Mr. Daniels for presenting the facts so logically and impressively. His was one of the best addresses delivered before the international trade congress at Philadelphia's great exposition.

The Foot-ball Trust Broken!

THE AMAZING VICTORIES OF COLUMBIA OVER YALE, AND CORNELL OVER PRINCETON, AND THEIR EXPLANATION.

THE results of two foot-ball games, October 28th, have upset every well-laid prophecy of the critics of sport. Yale and Princeton have been beaten on the gridiron by teams outside the "Big Four" for the first time since the introduction of the present Rugby style of play. Columbia, an unknown quantity in foot-ball, with a team that had never played together before the present season, and composed in many instances of raw men, won from the New Haven players by a score of 5 to 0. Another great surprise electrified the athletic world, too. Princeton, the victor over her old antagonist, Yale, in 1898, played her team of experienced men against Cornell, and lost to the Cherry and White by the same score with which Columbia overcame "old Eli."

The sudden rise of these two elevens from New York City and the upper part of the State, respectively, to such a prominence, can indicate only one thing: the game is being learned right down to the ground by other colleges besides Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. It is quite possible that the championship representatives of the game are not nowadays as high types of individual players as they were in the years of 1889-95; but one phase of foot-ball has been keenly developed in the last half-decade, and that is team-play. Never before, even in the heyday of flying wedges and mass formations, have elevens worked more like clock-work than at present. Clever runners and kickers are aided in their work by the co-operation of their mates, and wherever they show weaknesses the faults are covered up by the many devices used by the coaches in interference to help the backs and to protect the quarter or full-back with the defending line.

So, granted that the stars of the game are not of such magnitude as in the old time, it can be readily seen that the teams are stronger in their concerted playing, and still they have lost to elevens that have been hitherto considered of minor consideration. The manner in which this change in the foot-ball world has been wrought can be explained in only one way. It is in the coaching. Graduates of the larger colleges who have been trained in the finest possible points of the game are employed by the athletic associations of other institutions, whose students are ambitious to have a capable foot-ball team in the field, in the same manner as their faculties, wishing to strengthen the curriculum, call a noted professor to their ranks to teach a certain subject.

These coaches, possessing great experience in their particular game, turn their knowledge to a substantial use, and make a profession of making teams that can play real foot-ball. George Woodruff, the old Yale player, went to the University of Pennsylvania, and he developed the sport there to the highest degree for four or five years. Stagg has done the same thing at the University of Chicago. What we might term foot-ball missionaries have gone forth over the country from the cradles of the various styles of the game, and have diffused the science in many places. That is why we hear no more of high scores rolled up by Princeton, Yale, and Harvard against colleges that make a proper attempt to support good teams. There is no longer a foot-ball trust. Everybody is having an equal chance to learn

the game, and the general standard of the play is high, and continually reaching a greater altitude.

When one considers that such experts as Messrs. Sanford, of Yale, and Houghton, of Harvard, were the means whereby Columbia beat Yale, and Cornell won against Princeton, the news of the events does not seem so astonishing. These two coaches had inculcated into their respective teams what they had learned in their play at New Haven and Cambridge from old foot-ball stars, who come back yearly to their universities and put the elevens into shape.

As brilliant foot-ball players themselves when in college, Sanford and Houghton were able to give their practical knowledge of the game to their protégés plus the theoretical understanding that had been crammed into their heads during their years of undergraduate play under the best masters in the world. With good material both at Ithaca and in New York City, these coaches have turned out two splendid elevens. Houghton has worked on ground that had been previously planted with good ideas and actual playing. He took hold of Cornell at that time, which comes to every foot-ball team, when its eleven seemed to have lost confidence in itself and was going to pieces. His moral support of the men did almost as much to bring them back into condition as his coaching did.

Sanford, on the other hand, deserves more credit, for in his case he was practically instituting the sport at Columbia. From men who had played elsewhere and from absolute tyros, he has brought the representatives of the Blue and White to a state of perfection that should land them in the same class with Yale and Princeton at the end of the year's playing, and higher in the order of teams than Pennsylvania. So it is easy to solve the problem of how supposedly weak college teams are enabled to take their stand with the "Big Four." The coaches and the system of coaching answer the puzzle.

George Foster Sanford, the Columbia coach, felt every confidence in his team, and fully expected the men to score against Yale in the game on October 28th. How far they succeeded is a matter of history. Mr. Sanford has shown his sincere appreciation of the spirit in which Columbia has supported her eleven. He has been given absolute control of foot-ball affairs at the university, which is not an unimportant factor of his success. His work with the players has been hard, but fair. He recognizes and commends good playing on the part of the men preferably to relegating them to the "scrub," or second eleven.

Captain Wilson, young Weeks, who made the forty-yard run and touchdown in the Yale game, and the whole foot-ball squad, are all deserving of the most unstinted praise for the success of the game at Columbia in 1899.

CHARLES CHAPIN SARGENT, JR.

The Drama—Three Bright Stars.

(Continued from page 384.)

artist's instinct insists on a perfect and exact representation of a woman who was unwholesome to the last degree. Julia Marlowe is a fortunate actress—fortunate in securing such an excellent play, a beautiful theatre in which to present it, and a cast which develops the theme with singular fidelity and success. Miss Marlowe's laughing eyes and mobile features, and her winsome voice, always skillfully modulated and controlled, charm the spectator from the outset. Nothing could be prettier and more delightfully natural than the little by-play of flirtation in which the bevy of Southern girls, including herself, indulge in the opening scene of the play, when Barbara confesses her loyalty to her Yankee lover, while her indignant comrades vent their indignation in shouts for Dixie Land.

But I started to speak of the three actresses who are delighting New York, and not only of one. It is seldom that three such charming women offer at the same time such excellent attractions in our leading theatres. Pursuing different lines, having distinctively different rôles, they are rivals in nothing but the legitimate pursuit of fame, and they are all certainly entitled speedily to overtake it.

JASON.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

THE readmittance of the New York Life Insurance Company to transact business in Prussia is a compliment to that company and to its exalted financial standing. The requirements of the Prussian law are extremely severe, and no life insurance company that can meet these can have its financial integrity questioned for a single moment. The Prussian law requires that every life insurance company recognized by it shall not hold stock in a private corporation, shall conduct its management with strict regard to the interests of the policy-holders, and shall carefully safeguard its surplus, as the trustee of the policy-holders. The New York Life was not admitted to do business in Prussia until after a royal commission, appointed by the government, had spent months in a very careful scrutiny of the affairs of the company, which led to a very favorable report. I congratulate President John A. McCall and his great company on this recognition of its high standing. It is a tribute to the great life-insurance interests of the United States which should please every patriotic American citizen, and it is a special tribute to President McCall's conservative and successful management of his company.

"P." West Somerville, Mass.: Communicate directly with the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, and you will probably be able to secure a loan on your policy. Let me know if you fail.

"W." New York: The United States Casualty Company reported a total income last year of \$737,000, and a balance of net ledger assets of \$600,000. This company does a mixed kind of business, and its report indicates that it is prosperous.

"K. O." South Norwalk, Conn.: I do not think well of the company you speak of. If your father's expectation of life is good it would be advisable for him to make a change. (2) The Provident Savings Life, of New York, is a high-class, conservatively-managed company.

"Mark." Baltimore: Union Central, of Cincinnati, is a stock company reporting total receipts last year of something over \$5,000,000, total payments to policy-holders of \$1,600,000, and total miscellaneous expenses of \$1,302,000. It is not one of the largest companies, but is good for one of its size.

"C. W." St. Paul, Minn.: Your present policy in the Northwest-

ern, of Milwaukee, I consider to be a very good one. I would not change it. (2) It would be well to take one of the approved new policies in the Mutual Life, the Equitable, or the New York Life, the three greatest insurance companies in the world.

"C." Fishkill Landing, N. Y.: The Bankers' Life Insurance Company, of New York City, has been authorized by the State superintendent of insurance to begin business as an old-line company. It formerly operated under the assessment plan. It is not one of the largest companies, and its success depends upon its management.

"X. Y. Z." Laconia, N. H.: Business opportunities are always the best in large cities, but you must remember also that competition is always greater in such places. Both companies you mention rank high, and it would seem as if you could do better nearer your home and among your friends than to venture in an untried field.

"J. V. S." Norfolk, Va.: The Knights Templars and Masonic Mutual Aid Association, of Cincinnati, is an assessment association. I had rather pay \$39.55 for a \$1,000 policy in the New York Life than \$14.50 for a \$1,000 policy in the Knights Templars, or any other assessment association. I know of nothing more tempting than cheap life insurance, and nothing more risky and disappointing in the end.

"M. L. G." Brooklyn: The Ancient Order of United Workmen reported to our State insurance department at the close of last year 26,666 policies in force in this State. This is an assessment fraternal order. I do not believe in the permanence of this kind of insurance, for it inevitably grows more expensive as one grows older, while in an old-line company like the Equitable, the Mutual, or New York Life, one can lighten his burden as his age increases.

The Hermit.

The Money-maker's Column.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

THE exalted position held by Mr. Callaway, the president of the New York Central Railroad, entitles his judgment to consideration, and it is not surprising that his recent prediction that he looked for three years of undimmed prosperity for American railroads inspired the bulls to look for better things in the stock market. President Callaway says there is enough business in sight to insure railroad prosperity for two or three years, and he feels justified, therefore, in endorsing the action of the New York Central in issuing \$15,000,000 of new stock to provide for renewed and additional equipments.

Profoundly as I respect the financial and business ability of President Callaway, I cannot refrain from believing that his declaration is somewhat rash. We are on the eve of the session of Congress, in which the financial question, the disposition of Cuba and the Philippines, and other matters of vital interest to the welfare of the nation are to be discussed with more or less heat and partisanship. This will not be conducive to prosperous business conditions. Within a month or two the national committees of the two great political parties will begin to prepare for the Presidential struggle, in which the discussion of corporations and trusts, as well as of the silver question, will tend to unsettle confidence in existing business conditions. In a number of States the anti-monopoly, anti-trust, and anti-corporation influence has led to the passage of the most drastic laws, tending to tax, cripple, and oppress industrial combinations, railroad, insurance, and other great corporate enterprises. Not long ago this sort of legislation drove half the Western railroads into bankruptcy, and history may repeat itself.

The rise in prices of domestic commodities and manufactured products must inevitably reduce the demand for them, and especially the demand for them for export purposes. As consumption abates, over-production will ensue, and we shall then be where we were in 1893. But, on the other hand, Mr. Callaway knows, for it is probably not a secret, that half a dozen of the wealthiest capitalists in the country, largely interested in railroad enterprises, are endeavoring to put an end to the ruinous warfare between the great competing railroad lines, and by a gentlemen's agreement, or some similar honorable compact, are endeavoring to fix, at a higher figure, existing railway tariffs, to maintain rates, and institute practical economies. It is easy to see that a combination of the Vanderbilt, Morgan, Gould, Hill, and Rockefeller influences would go far toward the establishment of such an agreement. This plan has been tried before, but it failed because there was not enough business to go around. Now, with a car famine and more business than the railroads can do, the opportunity is ripe for such an agreement, and if it is made and enforced, we can expect a rise in all railroad properties, and particularly in the low-priced ones. This feature of the market is the one bright spot, and will bear careful watching.

"C." Munising, Mich.: Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway.

"Mrs. D." Boston: I would have nothing to do with either party.

"E." Urbana, Ohio: I would have nothing to do with the copper stock referred to.

"N. J. F." New York: I can ascertain nothing regarding the concerns. They do not stand high enough to be rated.

"Indianapolis": I do not look for much of an advance in Atchison general fours. They are a good investment of their kind.

"W." Kingston, Canada: The company you refer to is purely a speculation. What its chances are, the future only can disclose.

"B. W." New York: They do not rate well. (2) This stock is not listed, and only the insiders can tell what it is worth. I do not believe in its future.

"D." Brooklyn: No book that I know of will answer your purpose. Experience is the best teacher, and, in Wall Street matters, the only teacher worth following.

"Norfolk." Norfolk, Va.: The list of stocks you give comprises some of the best speculative issues. You can afford to hold them for a profit. But don't hold them too long.

"D." Hillsdale, N. Y.: The Franklin Syndicate which offers returns of over 100 per cent. profit, or any other syndicate that makes such an offer, is a phaladephia: If promises mean anything a dividend should be declared early in the new year. I would not hold it if I had a profit in it.

"R." Brooklyn: The bond you speak of is not regarded as a first-class investment, though many still believe it to be worth 85. A slight demand for it would advance its price to that figure.

"G." Warren, Mass.: Both are over-capitalized. (2) Would prefer Cotton Yarn. (3) The investing public is not favorable to such stocks as you mention, which are not freely accepted as collateral for loans by the banks.

"D." Chas. Lake, N. Y.: On reactions, Wabash preferred, Reading, New York, Ontario and Western common. (3) The earnings of Wabash justify the rise of the debenture bonds, series B. I would rather buy these than any of the stocks you mention in your list.

"T." Columbus, O.: I would invest in nothing which offers extravagant profits. This is a good rule to follow throughout your lifetime, excepting in instances where you have personal knowledge of all the facts regarding the concern in which your investment is made.

"Dak." Cleveland: Have no opinion to give. (2) I believe New York Central is destined to sell higher before New Year's. (3) Do not advise purchase of the stock mentioned. (4) Nothing on the market is more mercurial than Sugar, and nothing more dangerous to buy or sell.

"H." Johnstown, Pa.: St. Louis and San Francisco second preferred sells at this writing at about 36. The par value is \$100 per share. It has paid two dividends of one per cent. each during the current year, and is said to be earning nearly four per cent. per annum. I believe it is one of the cheapest low priced dividend-payers among the railroads.

"Z." Chicago: National Biscuit common sold during the present

year as high as 62, and last year at about 30. I have no doubt that at high prices it was unloaded on an unsuspecting public. It represents water, and I never considered it to be an investment. It would be well if you could average up on a lower price and get out at the first opportunity after a rise.

"J. K." Dansville, N. Y.: I would not advise the exchange at this time. Think within a year you will be able to do better. You might sell your Chicago and Northwestern bonds now and put the money away for use on the decline which is very probable to come during the heat of the Presidential election. (2) I am not favorably impressed by the bonds you mention as a permanent investment, though many seem to regard them with favor.

"H. G." Albany: The increase of \$15,000,000 in the capital stock of the New York Central has been authorized, and the additional stock is to be offered at par to the stockholders, to the extent of 15 per cent. of their present holdings. I would accept this offer. For some time past I have advised the purchase of New York Central, and I still believe that in time it will sell as high as Lake Shore. (2) Wabash offers a field for speculation, and so does Manhattan Elevated.

"G." Baltimore, Md.: I have not changed my mind in reference to the Manhattan Elevated stock. It is either selling too low or else the other New York traction stocks are selling too high. (2) I would take Southern Railroad preferred rather than Louisville and Nashville. (3) The statement was publicly made that the president of the American Tin Plate Company, during his testimony at Washington, testified that Judge Moore, who organized the tin plate combination, was paid for his services \$10,000,000 worth of the common stock. You can judge for yourself whether there is any water in Tin Plate or not.

"S." New York: The prospects of Pacific Mail would be better if there were no prospects of sharper competition, for, as you say, trade in the far East is expanding. The subsidy bill, if passed by Congress this winter, would be of much value to the stock. But you must remember that Pacific Mail has had a considerable rise. It sold last year as low as 21, and during the present year has been down to 37. The stock has always been a favorite with certain speculators, and it may be necessary to mark it lower so as to let in some useful Congressmen on the ground floor before the subsidy bill is put on its passage.

"Mother." Buffalo, N. Y.: I still believe it wise to dispose of your Leather common. A good profit is always a good thing to take. (2) Would take Union Pacific preferred in preference to Atchison preferred, and Manhattan in preference to Western Union. (3) Would not sell any of the Vanderbilts short. (4) Glucose preferred and common are both among the best of the industrials. If there should be a decided slump in the industrial stocks, I think the purchase of almost any of the preferred would yield a profit. (5) American Ice common has just declared its first dividend of one per cent. It is expected to pay this quarterly, and sells at this writing at 37.

"J. B." Dallas, Texas: Nearly every one who speculates in Wall Street loses his money eventually. Those who invest, however, at propitious moments, and who have the patience to wait and the skill to buy and sell, make money. The business is regarded with disfavor only so far as it appertains to the gambling end of it. It is as legitimate as any other business when followed on legitimate lines. The best way to arrive at the value of a stock is to make it a study. Railroad earnings are usually correctly reported. (2) I think well of Wabash debenture Bs at 36 or 37. (3) Iowa Central common, Reading common, and Texas Pacific, at the prices mentioned, are good speculative stocks in a bull market. Of course, they have no investment value.

JASPER.

Porto Rico's Genuine Civil Service.

It is evident that the government made no mistake when it appointed General Davis Governor of Porto Rico, notwithstanding the appointment was strongly criticised in certain quarters. General Davis's recent report on the reorganization and administration of the civil service in Porto Rico is encouraging in the extreme. Bureaus of finance, revenue, agriculture, education, public works, and sanitation have been established; the judiciary has been reorganized so as to secure equal and exact justice to all; the finances are honestly administered, and bribery and official corruption have become things of the past. The announcement made regarding the civil appointments is specially gratifying. General Davis announces that his selections for office are, in every case of reappointment, based upon the result of his experience and observation of the manner in which the officers have in the past performed the duties pertaining to other public places they have held. He has in no case been actuated by a thought of promoting the ambitions of any party, and should it be found that any public officer uses his position, or attempts to use it, in promoting any personal or partisan purpose he will be immediately removed. This is the correct principle to act upon, not only in Porto Rico but in the United States. It is a kind of reform which ought to begin at home and not end there.

For Indigestion Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. GREGORY DOYLE, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed it in cases of indigestion and nervous prostration, and find the result so satisfactory that I shall continue it."

The Highest Standard

of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk,—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.

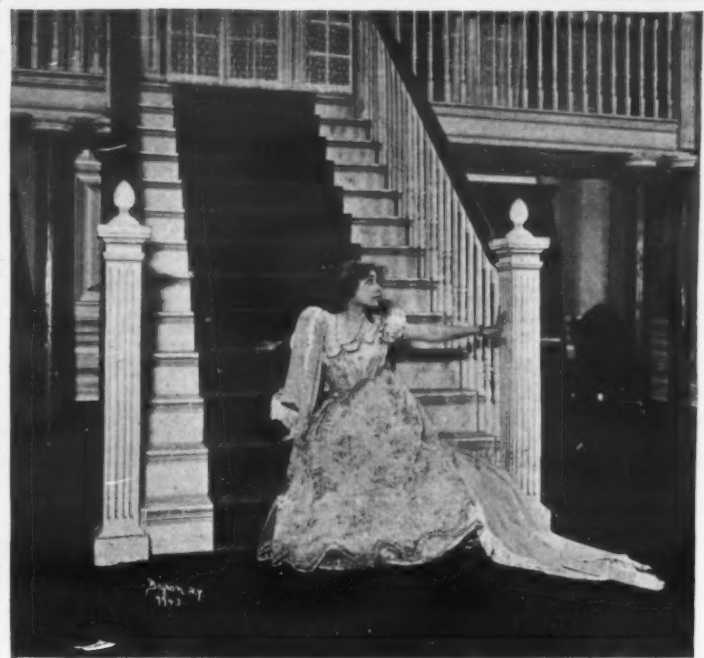
The Minister's Coffee.

HURT HIM WORSE THAN THE DEVIL DID.

"I USED the old-fashioned coffee from my babyhood, and like many others, thought I could not live without it. Was in the army four years during the Rebellion, and came out very much broken in health. I was compelled to quit the active work of the ministry for more than a year at a time, suffering terribly from stomach and intestinal troubles and torpid liver, with the consequent nervous headache and prostration, lumbago and rheumatism.

"Four years ago, being confined to bed with these troubles and ulceration of the liver, my physician positively forbade the use of coffee and brought me some Postum Cereal Food Coffee. Since that time, myself and family have used no other coffee. All my intestinal trouble has been greatly relieved, and I no longer suffer from rheumatism, and very little from torpid liver or biliousness.

"I am fully convinced that coffee is very largely responsible for the greater part of all stomach, intestinal and liver troubles from which people suffer. I am now fifty-eight years old, and my health has been so much improved that I do as much work as I ever did, and with about as much comfort. I can conscientiously attribute it chiefly to the use of Postum Cereal Food Coffee. There are several friends who have had valuable experience with the leaving off of coffee and the use of Postum Food Coffee. It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to help humanity to understand that the very general cause of sickness is, I consider, largely attributable to mistakes in the use of food and drink." Rev. J. A. Flickinger, Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Ray's Hill, Pa. Grocers sell Postum Coffee, and Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., make it at Battle Creek, Mich.



JULIA MARLOWE IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE," AT THE CRITERION.—ACT III.



"RAWDON" (MAURICE BARRYMORE) FINDS HIS WIFE, 'BECKY SHARP' (MRS. FISKE), REFLECTING ON HER WICKED LIFE.—SCENE 2, ACT III., AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.



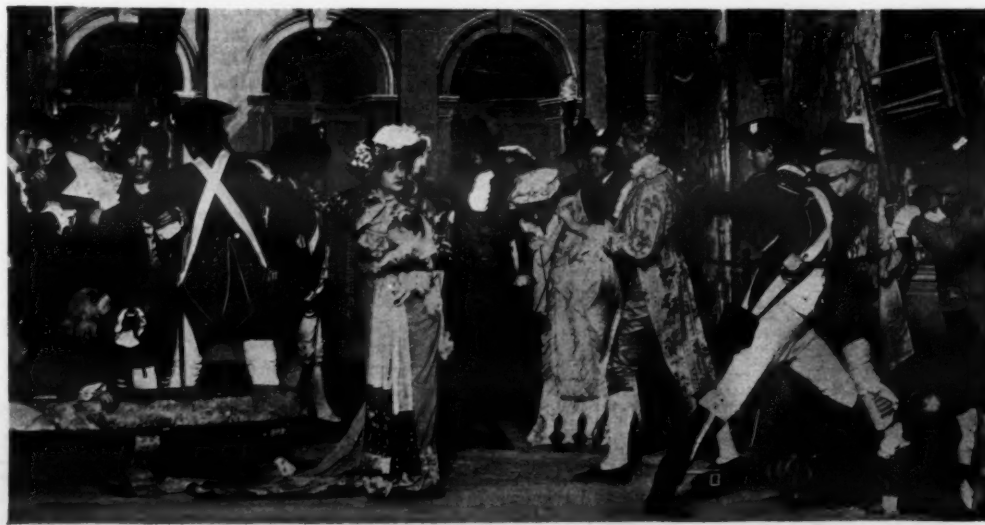
SCENE IN ACT IV. OF JAMES HERNE'S NEW PLAY, "SAG HARBOR."—"CAPTAIN DAN MARBLE" (MR. HERNE) DISCOVERS THAT HE HAS HOPE OF POSTERITY—MRS. SOL SMITH AS "THE WIDOW RUSSELL"; MARION ABBOTT AS "MRS. MARBLE."

The Drama—Three Bright Stars.

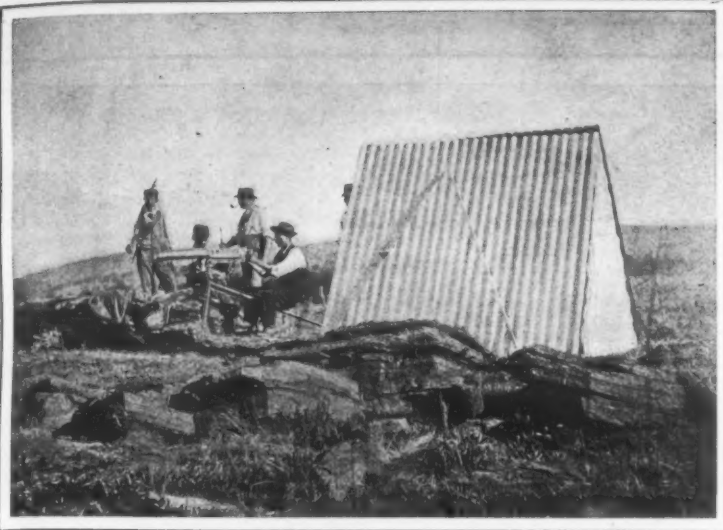
THEATRE-GOERS in New York are enjoying a pleasant experience. Three bright and particular stars shine resplendent nightly—Julia Arthur as *Josephine*, in "More Than Queen," at the Broadway; Mrs. Fiske as *Becky Sharp*, in the dramatization of "Vanity Fair," at the Fifth Avenue; and Julia Marlowe as *Barbara Frietchie*, at the Criterion, in Clyde Fitch's delightful new drama. These three favorite actresses represent entirely different types, and one witnesses their respective entertainments, one after the other, with a distinctively new feeling of pleasure after each. He commiserates the stately *Josephine*, he pities the raspy and rapacious *Becky Sharp*, and he grieves over the untimely end of winsome *Barbara Frietchie*.

No better personification of a queenly woman has been seen on our stage in many years than Julia Arthur presents as the ill-starred wife of Napoleon. The entire success of this spectacular performance at the Broadway depends upon the splendor of the leading character, and Miss Arthur's intelligent and, in many respects, noble ideal of an historic personage. Thackeray never created a more interesting and yet, in some respects, more despicable character than *Becky Sharp*, and Mrs. Fiske, in portraying it, sacrifices nothing to a sense of nicety, but with a true

(Continued on page 385)



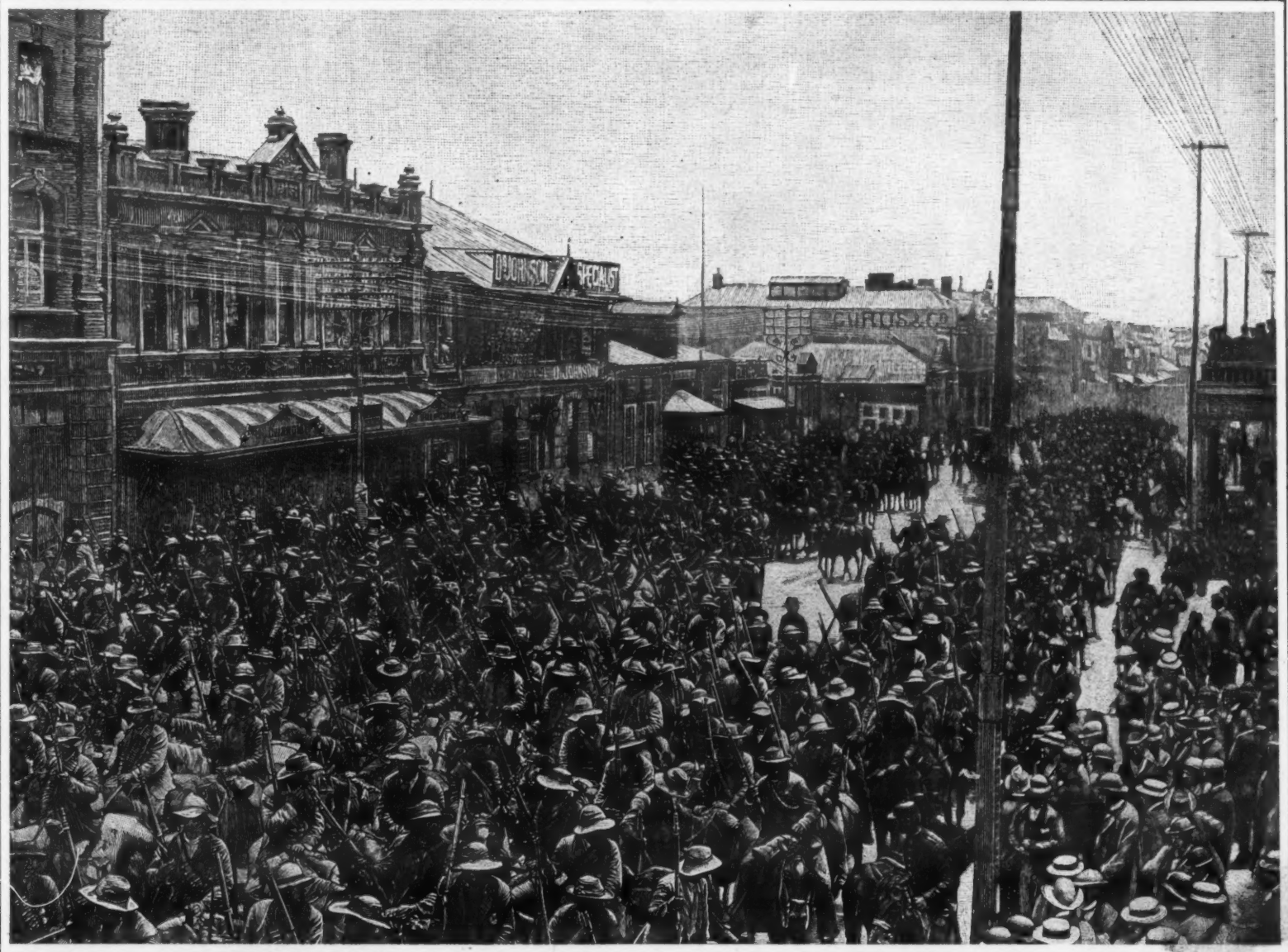
JULIA ARTHUR AS "JOSEPHINE" IN THE PROLOGUE OF "MORE THAN QUEEN," AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE.



BOERS PRACTICING WITH A MAXIM MITRAILLEUSE IN A DEFILE.



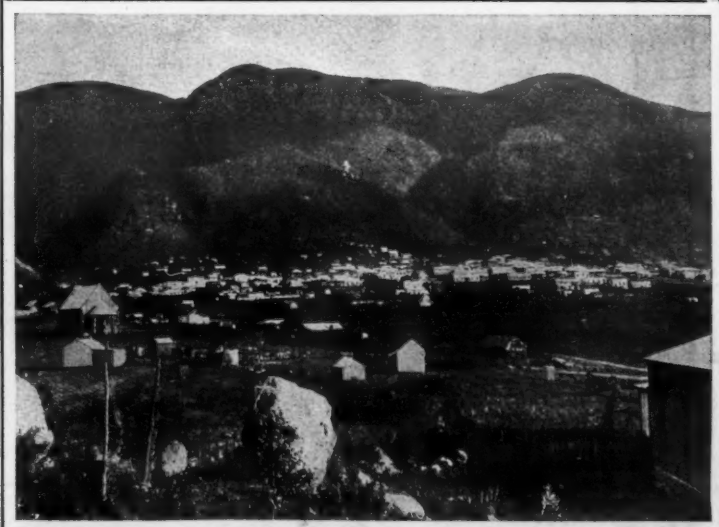
VAN REENAN'S PASS, IN THE DRAKENSBURG MOUNTAINS, NOW PATROLLED BY THE ORANGE FREE STATE BURGHERS, SHOWING THE WILD NATURE OF THE COUNTRY AND THE DIFFICULTIES WHICH BESET THE BRITISH TROOPS.



ENTHUSIASTIC BOERS STARTING FROM JOHANNESBURG TO MEET THE BRITISH INVADERS.



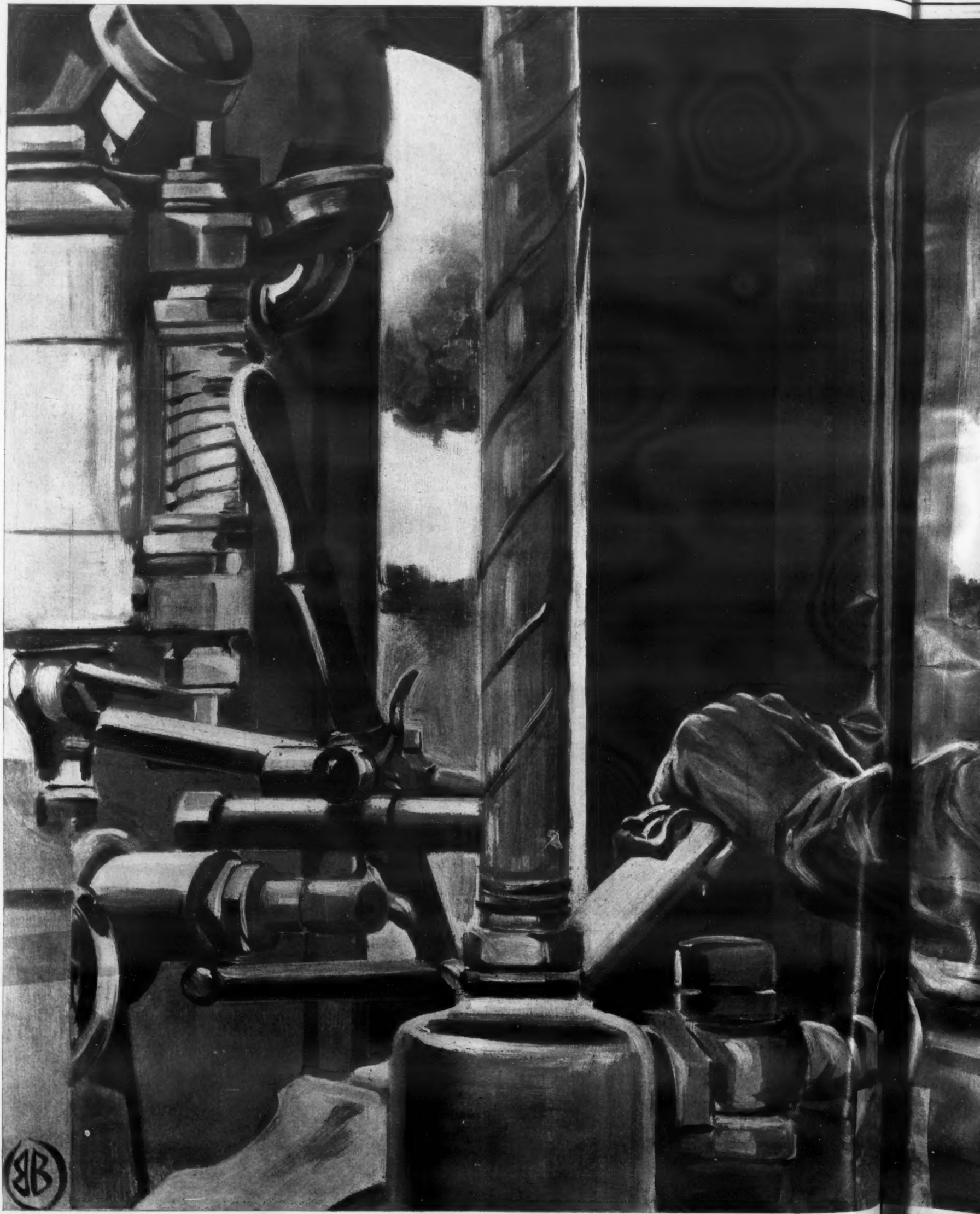
THE LARGE AND BRAWNY FAMILY OF A BOER, TYPICAL OF THE TRANSVAAL POPULATION.



BARBERTON, THE CENTRE OF THE DE KAAP'S GOLD-FIELDS, ON THE NORTHEAST BORDER OF THE TRANSVAAL—POPULATION ABOUT TWO THOUSAND.

THE BOERS AND THE BRITISH.

THE FIGHTING MEN OF THE TRANSVAAL REPUBLIC, WHO ARE NOW RESISTING THE INVASION OF THE BRITISH.—[SEE PAGE 378.]



THRILLING MOMENT IN A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER'S EXPERIENCE WHILE RUNNING AT SIXTY MILES

A M

JTE.

LIVES OF E

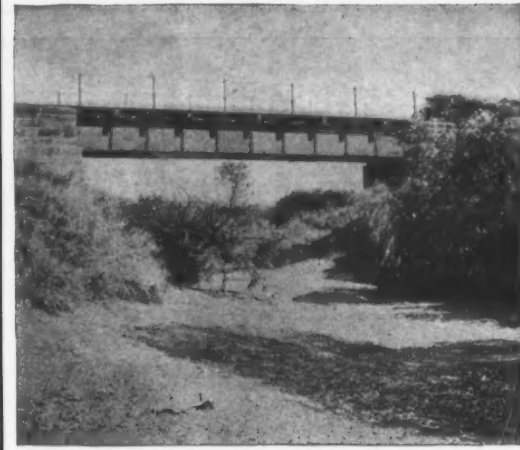


JTE.

LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF PASSENGERS DEPENDING ON HIS JUDGMENT, NERVE, AND EXPERIENCE.



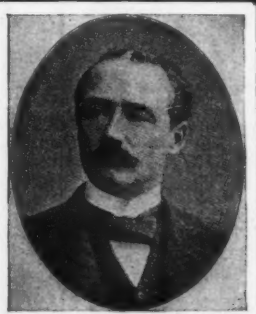
TYPICAL BRITISH CAMP-SCENE NEAR LADYSMITH, WHERE THE RECENT BRITISH DISASTER OCCURRED.



RAILROAD BRIDGE WHERE THE BRITISH ARMORED TRAIN WAS WRECKED, NEAR MAFEKING, BY THE BOERS.



ENCAMPMENT OF BRITISH TROOPS NEAR LADYSMITH, BEFORE THE RECENT ENGAGEMENT IN WHICH THE BOERS WERE VICTORIOUS.



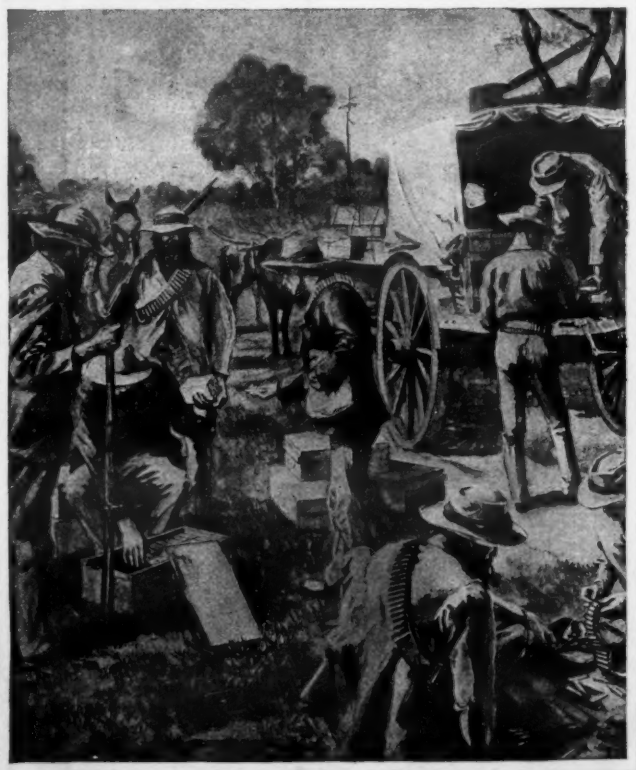
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CARLETON, COMMANDING THE FIRST ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE BOERS.



GENERAL WHITE, WHO TAKES THE BLAME FOR THE RECENT DISASTER TO THE BRITISH AT LADYSMITH.



MANOEUVRES OF THE BRITISH TROOPS NEAR THEIR CAMPS AT LADYSMITH.



BOERS HANDING OUT AMMUNITION TO THEIR COMMAND, IN FRONT OF LADYSMITH.



THE CAMP OF THE BRITISH TROOPS AT LADYSMITH, NATAL, WHICH WAS THREATENED BY THE BOER FORCES.

THE DESPERATE CONTEST IN THE TRANSVAAL.

THE BOERS AND THE BRITISH AT CLOSE QUARTERS, NEAR LADYSMITH, WHERE THE RECENT BRITISH REVERSE OCCURRED.—[SEE PAGE 378.]

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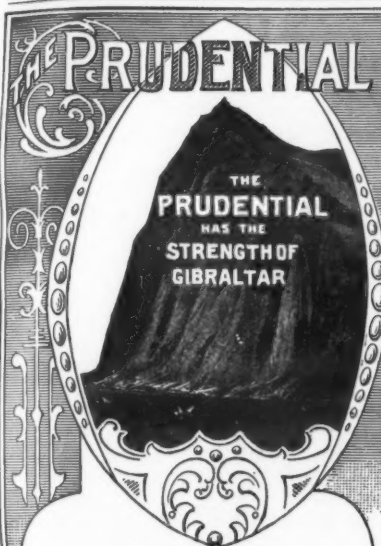
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But never lost his head.—Judge.

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Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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A BOOK, descriptive of the best location in the South for various kinds of game and fish, showing the game laws of the different States South penetrated by the Southern Railway, also hotel rates, names of guides, kinds of game, and parties who will furnish information, can be had upon application to Alex. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York.

THE COMPANION FOR THE REST OF 1899.

THE principal attractions offered by the *Youth's Companion* for the remaining weeks of 1899 will make the reader's mouth water for the good things to be served up in the new volume for 1900. In early issues of November will appear "Hints on Reading," by James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth"; also a droll story by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "The Wolf and the Wheelbarrow." In the issue of November 16th will begin W. D. Howells's serial story, "A Pocketful of Money," and this will be followed by another serial by Jane Barlow, the celebrated Irish story-writer, entitled "Dinnie and the Dams." In the same issues containing these serials, or following them, will appear "Some Remote Post-Offices," by ex-Postmaster Gary; an excellent article on "The Growing Child," by Dr. Mary P. Jacobi, of New York; a reminiscent sketch by Bret Harte, of his early California experiences, under the title, "How I Went to the Mines"; a story of the good old times, "Serenity Maria at School," by Mary E. Wilkins; and under the head of "For Life and Liberty," the narrative of a blood-curdling adventure in Darkest Africa, by Henry M. Stanley. Those new subscribers who send in their subscriptions now for the 1900 volume will receive all this year's November and December issues from the time of subscription, free, and then the fifty-two issues of the new year to January 1st, 1901.

CALIFORNIA EXCURSIONS—IMPROVED SERVICE

VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY AND SUNSET ROUTE.

On October 29th, 1899, will be inaugurated a change in the transcontinental schedule, instituted with the purpose of affording for palace tourist sleepers a night, instead of morning, departure from Washington, and afternoon departure from New York. Therefore, beginning on Wednesday, November 1st, departure from Washington will take Southern Railway Southwestern Limited Train at 10.45 P. M., and depart each Wednesday and Friday thereafter until the inauguration of tri-weekly service, which is contemplated at an early date.

In its appointments the Southwestern Limited is one of the finest trains in operation, vestibuled throughout, carrying full diner through to New Orleans, beyond which point the Pacific Express has improved service and equipment. West of New Orleans, in addition to regular meal stations, the buffet of the standard sleeper is open to tourist passengers.

Supplementing these facilities, sleepers are equipped with gas-stoves (technically known as hot plates), supplied from the Pintsch gas tanks, upon which coffee, tea, and light lunches may be prepared with ease and facility.

Reduction in time from New England and Eastern States is from twelve to twenty-four hours.

In Appointment.—Palace tourist sleepers operated are Pullman's most modern design. Sixteen section, lighted by Pintsch gas. Double sash roller curtains. Wide vestibule observation ends. Ladies' lavatory separate from retiring-room. Gents' lavatory and smoking-room, and every requisite to comfort, not curtailed by the opportunity for economy.

Stop-over at Washington.—Within ten days may be had by application to conductor before arrival and deposit of ticket with depot union ticket agent, Southern Railway. Tickets need not be deposited unless a stay of several days is anticipated.

A guide to show the city, without charge, will be supplied patrons from general office, 511 Pennsylvania Avenue N. W. (Southern Railway, Union Station), whether for one or more.

Personal conductors of integrity and reliability and Pullman porters go through, Washington to San Francisco, without change. They are familiar with the route, and find pleasure in pointing out and describing places of interest. Ladies and children traveling alone under the care of our conductors are as safe from molestation or intrusion as when within the confines of their own homes. Berth rate, Washington to San Francisco, \$7.00.

For further information call or address, A. J. Poston, General Agent California Tour, 511 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.



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"LINING UP FOR THE SNAP-BACK," OR PUTTING THE BALL IN PLAY.

The Strategy of Foot-ball.

SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING PLAYS OF THIS FAVORITE AMERICAN GAME ILLUSTRATED AND EXPLAINED.

RIVAL colleges have often had cause to wonder how Yale each season manages to get out such a large field of foot-ball candidates. At Yale, of course, college spirit runs high, and the average Yale man would unhesitatingly claim that pure love of college and the game were the incentives that brought so many candidates to the field each year. However that may be, there is still another reason—the demand for Yale-graduate coaches among the smaller colleges and the innumerable "prep." schools. As a matter of fact, the supply is not equal to the demand, and many a man who has never done better than to make the "scrub" team has been able to augment the precarious returns of his new-born practice of law, medicine, or even ministry, by two months' foot-ball coaching every fall.



"ADVANCING THE BALL BETWEEN THE GUARD AND TACKLE"—THE HALF-BACK TRYING TO FORCE AN OPENING THROUGH WHICH HIS ASSOCIATE HALF-BACK CAN PLUNGE FORWARD WITH THE BALL.

Queer Sights on the Transports.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 27th, 1899.—On the arrival of transports from the Philippines many funny sights are seen. There are relatives much too anxious to wait to see their loved ones. Several people have fallen overboard in their eager excitement, many are the bouquets and the luncheons that have fallen short, and several thousand dollars have been reaped by the boatmen who ply between dock and steamers. One of the most unique sights was lately observed on the arrival of the *City of Para* with the California regulars and the Montana volunteers aboard. A young and rather pretty woman with a baby came

out to the *Para* in a launch. She had a brother on board, and she could not wait until the transport docked, to see him. There was no gang-plank down, only a perpendicular ladder over the side, although the transport had already passed quarantine. The little woman with the baby decided to go up over the side. Their friends in the launch tried to dissuade them, but the woman insisted upon going. Surrendering the baby to a male friend, the woman, afraid that in attempting to manage her skirts and to climb the ladder at the same time she might drop the baby, essayed the feat herself successfully. The baby came up afterward in the arms of a skirtless being, and both woman and baby received a warm welcome from their particular sol-

dier and a cheer from the khaki-dressed, bearded creatures who crowded the rail, and who admire pluck wherever it is shown—even in Filipinos.

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

How Trade Follows the Flag.

How true it is that "trade follows the flag" is shown by a tabular statement just prepared by the insular bureau of the War Department, embracing the customs returns for the seven months ending July 31st of the present year. The exports from the United States to Cuba for the months named were \$14,116,993, against \$4,629,906 for the same period of 1897, the year before the war. For Porto Rico the figures read: exports in 1899, \$2,299,221, against \$1,221,451 in 1897. Exports to the Philippines for 1899 were valued at \$380,109, against \$47,754 in 1897. The imports into the United States from the islands during the periods under consideration show about the same relative proportion of increase. Thus the imports from Cuba in 1899 were \$9,996,956, and in 1897 they were \$13,826,904, an increase of over \$6,000,000. As a further matter of interest and comparison the imports into the United States from Cuba from January 1st to July 31st, 1899, were greater than the corresponding reports for either of the entire fiscal years 1897 and 1898. If the same ratio is maintained for the remainder of this year the imports into this country from Cuba will exceed \$32,000,000, and be more than double those of the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1898.

A Palm-silk Skirt for 35 Cents.

THE newest thing in skirts. Weighs ten ounces. The lightest, cheapest dust-proof petticoat ever made. Just the thing for housework, bicycling, golfing, and rainy days. See special offer made only by *Demorest's Family Magazine*, November number. Sold by all newsdealers. Three months' subscription, 25 cents. Every subscriber is entitled to purchase a skirt for 35 cents. Address *Demorest's Magazine*, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



BOARDING THE TRANSPORT "PARA"—SHE WAS BOUND TO SEE HER SOLDIER-BROTHER.



SHE WANTED TO SEE HER SOLDIER-UNCLE—HOW THE BABY BOARDED THE "PARA."

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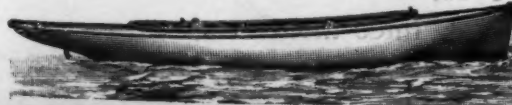
ASSETS, . . \$25,315,442.46
Liabilities, . . 21,209,625.36
EXCESS, . . . 4,105,817.10

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Plain Living and High Thinking.

It is a time of societies innumerable. One thing is "suppressed," while another is "diffused"; one circle prevents while its neighbor promotes. Sons and Daughters are everywhere spelling these titles with capitals. We think, and talk, and eat, and read, and walk and ride under "association" guidance. All this considered, it would seem almost criminal to propose still another guild; but a recent English writer comes boldly forward with a suggestion that should be heartily approved. She proposes a novel organization, to be called The Guild of Simple Living, "to the discouragement of all extravagance and excess, and the furtherance of 'plain living and high thinking.'"

Surely is there here and now a place for such work. The amount of happiness and future comfort annually sacrificed to costly and extravagant living is beyond computation. Multitudes are frittering away their means and their lives on costly frivolities, while the real interests of life are overlooked. It is quite safe to say that \$100,000,000 is wasted annually by the poor of this country, and five times that sum by all other classes, on things which they would be much better without, and the cost of which, expended wisely, would bring present happiness to self and others as well as prevent untold discomfort and misery in the future.

We live in a pre-eminently jealous and ambitious age. To be at the top, to be outshone by none, to make as good an appearance as any, to be fat abroad, though as a result you must be lean at home—that, unfortunately, is the spirit of the age.

The tyranny of such a spirit brings furrows that paste cannot cover, bends shoulders that effort cannot straighten, and robs multitudes of moderate but substantial and permanent comfort that else were fully within their reach. The cost of present frivolity and display leaves no provisions for the rainy day. At hand, within easy access, and, it may even be, fully recognized, stands Life Insurance with its beneficent provisions. But between that good angel and the beneficiary stands the needless exactions of social life and that seeming necessity awes back multitudes from the true protection they so obviously need. So, in their weakness, they flourish and shine for a brief summer day, to shiver and suffer in the cold winter of old age, and to leave to their children nothing but the saddest legacy of all: "What might have been."

To combat all this comes the Guild of Simple Living. While no real organization might be instituted, a simpler circle might be readily established by people moving in the same society. Two or three sensible women, for instance, in any set or circle of friends, could, if they set themselves about it, so influence their associates as to decree that they would be a law unto themselves, and not allow the fickle goddess of fashion or the stern god of emulation to prevent them laying solid foundations for future comfort.

Many men, extravagant beyond their means, thinking to please their wives or friends, would be only too glad to yield to the "sweet reasonableness" of such restraints, and gladly use the money thus wisely saved to place their loved ones beyond anxiety with reference to the uncertain future.

To all such crusaders against the invaders of home happiness and security we give a cordial welcome. The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, offers its magnificent and perfected organization to husband the savings of the Guild of Simple Living, assuring its members, whether active or passive, of generous treatment and unquestioned security. Turn to its agents anywhere, and learn from them all further details of the aid thus offered.

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